

HERO TALES



GRACE T. DAVIS



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HERO TALES

of Congregational History

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Manor-house, Scrooby

HERO TALES

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BY

GRACE T. DAVIS

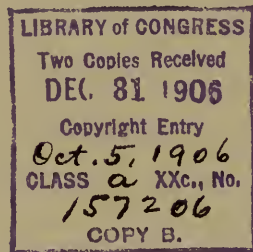


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TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER



PREFACE

“**T**HERE were giants in the earth in those days.”
So wrote the author of the ancient Book of Beginnings. That was long ages ago, but ever since, in every generation, there have been giants, not men of enormous stature, or men many hundred years old such as the author of Genesis tells us about, but men great in strength of intellect and mighty in courage, men of marvelous genius and of Godlike spirit. It is about some of these giants that these stories are written.

They are Congregational heroes, men whose greatness, like near-by mountains, still overshadows us, but whose grandeur we can even now begin to estimate. Their heroism is of a sort about which it is well worth while to think, for it is possible for our aims and achievements to become to a certain extent like theirs. Heroes like Cæsar or Napoleon most of us are not able to imitate, but we may copy the heroic qualities of Brewster and Robinson. For their church is our church, their adopted land our country, and their great Captain our Commander. We fight a similar battle and we may win victories somewhat like their very own.

PREFACE

They were spiritual heroes, and the twentieth century with its tremendous problems is waiting eagerly for their successors.

In these narratives the writer has endeavored to use accurately the historical material which she has found. In the stories of the earlier heroes especially she has taken the liberty of relating imaginary conversations and actions which may be something like what actually happened. The bare facts which we know to be absolutely true have their influence upon us, but if we can see in fancy the Pilgrim Separatist walking the snowy shores of New England, if we can feel in imagination the cold which made him tremble, if we can hear in the silence of our homes his words of courage and Godlike trust, if the imagination can make him real to us, his personality and his heroism have far larger appeal to our interest. The space available has not been sufficient to give fancy full play or to make these tales into finished stories with plots and plainly drawn characters. They are rather sketches, not essays upon the men, not stories in the true sense of the word, but glimpses of various events and various people where something of the dramatic and heroic element seemed especially present.

Different heroes have been described with varying freedom. In the first sketches where a far-away time is pictured, only a little could be taken from historic sources, while in one of the last, the story of Cyrus

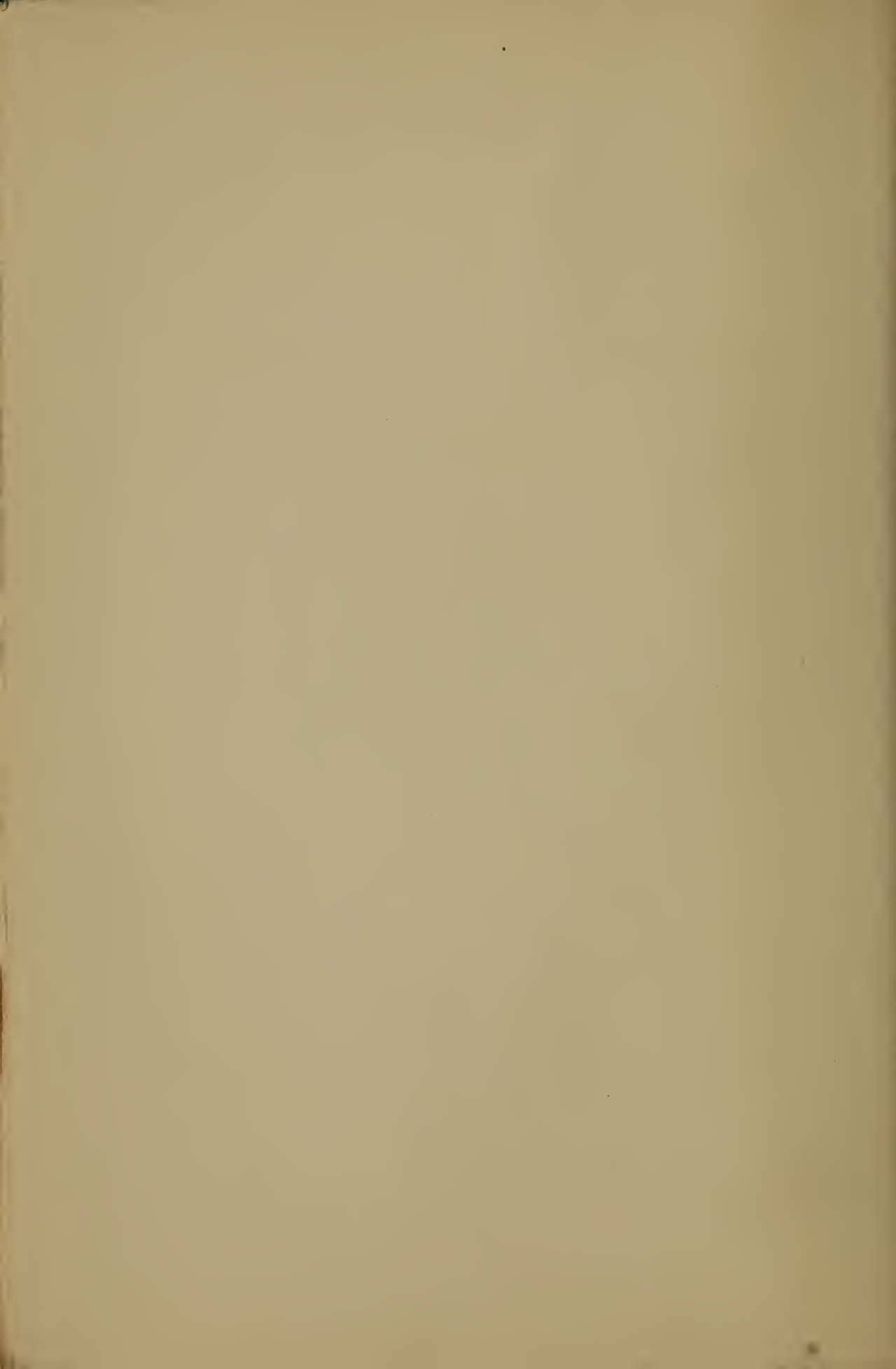
PREFACE

Hamlin, every statement of what he did is drawn from his own books.

If these tales can but interest some of our young people in the great men and the great history of our denomination, awakening a desire to know more of these crises of the Church and the way in which they were met, the happiness of the writer will be very great.

GRACE T. DAVIS.

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT.



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I

The Great North Road

OUT from the narrow, crowded streets of London far away to Scotland ran the Great North Road. It was very, very old, for over its rough pathway the Roman legions had tramped long ago, and even before that, in the rude days before history began, men had pushed on toward the north, following by night the cold north star, and trodden out the way of the road.

But now civilization had come to gladden the country on every side, for it was the time of the great Elizabethan age. It is true that the fences were few, and the North Road had never a wagon track upon it, but still many a gallant rider, and many a swift horse, had journeyed that way. The road was worn and smooth, and it had become one of the finer royal post routes

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of the queen. Railroads and even stage-coaches were unknown.

It was a narrow track only a few feet wide, but along that slender thread we travel to the source of all our stories. For if we follow as travelers with the post we shall find along the Great North Road the very beginning of all our tales.

Out from the narrow, crowded, hurrying streets of London, started the post and his companion. Northward rode the post, his good horse under him, his saddlebag well lined with baize beside him, and his horn at his belt. Northward over the hills and through the valleys, on and on, until one hundred and fifty miles from London, the two came down into the valley of the Lower Trent, and alighted at last at the postmaster's house in Scrooby.

The little town of Scrooby was far away from any large city and but few people lived there. There was only one mansion in all the place, the manor-house. The land was undulating, but not hilly; peaceful and pleasant, but hardly beautiful. The Church of St. Wilfrid with its slender spire arose in the center. Not far away was the great manor-house where William Brewster lived, and here the post might always get fresh horses for the journey, and whatever rest and refreshment he required. The postmaster of those days was not busied with sorting mail. He was an inn-keeper, the master of a place of rest and safety for the

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traveler, the keeper of horses for the government service, an official of honor and importance.

The postmaster who met our traveler's gaze as he rode in on the North Road appeared worthy of such a position. He was no countryman, ignorant of the world and its ways, but spoke with ease and a polish of manner which would have made the traveler, fresh from London as he was, a little abashed, were it not for the innmaster's gentleness and true courtesy.

And, indeed, our traveler was glad enough to meet such a gentleman, for he was worn and tired from his journey. A trip from London to Edinburgh was not in those days the easy undertaking which it has since become and he was in sore need of a place to rest over the Sabbath.

"Good evening and welcome to you, sir," exclaimed Master Brewster, as Thomas Loveland, after crossing the moat, alighted at the door of the old manor-house. "You have had rainy weather for your journey. Come in by the fire."

It was a cheerful scene which met the traveler's gaze as he entered. A roaring fire sent its gay sparks dancing up the chimney, a comfortable easy chair stood before it on the one hand, and on the other, an oak table with a book and sheet of paper, ink-horn and pen spread out upon it, giving hint of culture and scholarly taste in some one of the postmaster's family. But Thomas Loveland's gaze returned even from the glow-

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ing flames to dwell upon the face of his host. It was not one of beauty, but the features promised a manly strength of character, and a certain serious kindness which Master Loveland was wise enough to perceive.

"I fear I have interrupted some one here," he said with a wave of his hand toward the table. "Can you not join me while I have something to eat and drink, and finish your task? Or, if you have the leisure of an hour, I should be glad of some one with whom I could talk."

But Master Brewster was already hastily gathering up the book and writing materials which he carried over to the opposite end of the room and deposited in an old cabinet.

"My task is one which can wait," he answered. "I will go out and order John to bring in something for your refreshment, and will join you again presently. I should have laid aside my writing sooner, but the shutters were closed and I did not hear the sound of the horse's hoofs as I usually do."

He went out and Thomas Loveland, in a restless tour of the room, curiously glanced at the cabinet, wondering what his host had been studying. The book had vanished into a drawer of the old case, but by accident one leaf of the written manuscript had fallen. As he stooped to pick it up the traveler saw written at the top and underscored as a title, "Notes of Richard Cartwright's Book."

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Thomas Loveland held it in his hand while a curious smile played over his face. To own a copy of Cartwright's works and to study them—well, that was not heresy, for Cartwright was still in the Church, but it was playing with fire. What manner of man was his host? Dimly he remembered hearing that the country about Gainsborough and Scrooby was a nest of vipers, a dangerous section, and that the bishops had had much to do in their endeavors to root the poisonous pests out. Perhaps he had lighted on some bit of the evil.

The door creaked and William Brewster entered. His guest, surprised, let the piece of paper flutter from his hand, but it was slow in falling and ere it reached the floor Master Brewster had perceived it.

"Oh, so you alighted on a bit of my notes," he said calmly as he slowly set the tray he had himself brought, down on the little table.

"Yes," replied Thomas Loveland, somewhat embarrassed. "It lay there on the floor, but I merely read the heading."

"You know of Cartwright, of course," said Master Brewster, eying his guest more narrowly as he seated himself at the little table. "Are you a University man?"

"Yes, from Oxford; and you are from Cambridge, I presume, her very liberal sister," remarked Master Loveland as he applied himself actively to the loaf set

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before him. "She leads us a great chase in new ideas these days, and turns out some strange doctrines. Do you not think so?"

"A variety of ideas must come of necessity from any university so large, and with so great a multitude of students," replied Master Brewster somewhat evasively. "But tell me what is going on at your alma mater of late. I was formerly at the center of things, near the queen's court itself, but since Providence has sent me hither, I hear little of the gay doings of the cities and universities save what comes by way of the post."

"But that is something. You have one of the chief stations here, and the passing between London and Edinburgh grows more frequent every year. How long have you been the postmaster?"

"For three years. My father held the office before me, so I was born and bred to the work."

"Ah," said Master Loveland, "then you are a native of this section." He was silent for a moment, and then gazing at the fire remarked, "But you asked me of Oxford. Of course much of the talk is of affairs of court, and the doings of King James. The college has not yet ceased talking over the canons decided upon at the convocations in Canterbury and York and the demands which were made from the clergy. It naturally concerns closely those who were planning to enter the Church."

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He glanced at his host, but the latter's face was inscrutable, so Master Loveland proceeded. "But have you not entertained the king here? Did he not pass through Scrooby on his way from Edinburgh in 1603?"

"Yes," replied William Brewster.

"It was just after that the people presented their most insane Millenary Petition, pretending that they wished to reform the abuses of the church," remarked the traveler.

William Brewster sat upright. "The makers of the Petition were not mad," he exclaimed. "I consider the Millenary Petition to represent one of the sanest, fairest, and most righteous of public movements. It was signed by a multitude of upright and thoughtful men."

Thomas Loveland looked at his host with interest. The postmaster's face was stern and a tempest of quivering emotion was behind his voice, but the tone was self-controlled, although the eyes were kindled like coals. The traveler was satisfied. He was merely inquisitive as to what manner of man this might be. Was he one of the persecuted band of Brownists with whom much of the talk of the time had been busy since Barrowe and Greenwood had been put into the Clink Prison? Perhaps. If so, he was a curious animal, worth the study of an inquisitive mind.

But Master Loveland was too sleepy for even the

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most interesting of investigations to-night, so after a few more commonplaces, he took his candle and departed from the cheerful glow of the fire to one of the upper chambers in the old manor-house.

The sun was high the next morning when, after a sound night's sleep, and a good breakfast, Master Loveland stood refreshed at the door of the old manor-house looking out upon the fields of Scrooby. The whole earth seemed clad in its Sunday best, and although a rather level and commonplace stretch of country met his eye, it was a pleasing scene. The thrift and neatness which characterize most of Old England's landscapes were not lacking here. Every acre had been cultivated and improved by the labor of man, and, although it was late fall, and the air was crisp and cold, the sun shone out far more gaily than it ever did among the smoky streets of London, and the traveler's gaze rested with satisfaction upon the level fields of the manor-house, and the well-kept outbuildings at hand. A few trees were scattered here and there, and not far off was the little village with its white houses, through the midst of which the tributaries of the Trent lazily ambled on their way to the ocean.

Here and there a woman, or a farmer clad in the broad-brimmed hat and close-fitting doublet, and sometimes wearing the stiff ruff of the day, appeared, and

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several turned in at the manor-house, and hastening around to a door at the side disappeared from view, casting curious glances at Master Loveland as they passed.

"It seems to me there is a deal of business going on here for the Sabbath day," said Thomas Loveland to himself. "I wonder where all these folk are going. I believe I'll take a little stroll about the house, the morning is so fair, and get a breath of this wonderful air, and see what there is to be seen at the same time."

All about the stables and sheds seemed very still as Master Loveland strolled toward the rear of the great manor-house.

It was rather a stately dwelling for those times, and in comparison with the houses of the village, a true palace. The owner was the archbishop of York, and this was one of his summer homes where he might hunt and fish and rest from the duties of his office. There were three fish-ponds in which fish was always abundant. The manor-house itself contained thirty-nine chambers, some of them lined with carved oak panels and beams. Master Brewster's father had been postmaster here before him and the office had descended naturally to his son after his return from court and diplomatic duties in which he had been engaged as a youth.

One wing the pious owner had devoted to a little chapel which had entrances both into the manor-house and out to the open air, and it was through this latter

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door that Master Loveland saw another of the many visitors who had overtaken him in his leisurely stroll now disappearing. Thomas Loveland hesitated but a moment. A curious smile played about his lips, a little roguish, and just a trifle disdainful, then without more ado he too rapped at the selfsame door, and pushed it boldly open. He found himself in a little vestibule, but just opposite a door stood ajar. He peered in, and then softly entered. He was in the little chapel. In front was a timber altar, and reading-desk. There were a pair of organs also, and a clock which in those days was a most uncommon luxury, imported to England from the Continent. This one, however, was out of repair and hung useless, lacking weights and cords.

No one noticed him at first, for the faces of the congregation were, to a person, bowed in prayer. In the midst one man was standing, his hands uplifted, and his face bared.

“We turn our faces and mouths unto thee, O most powerful Lord and gracious Father, humbly imploring help from God towards those who are by men left desolate. There is with thee no respect of persons, neither are men less regards of thee if regards of thee for the world’s disregarding them. They who truly fear thee, and work righteousness, although spoiled of goods, destitute of friends, few in number, and mean in condition, are for all that unto thee, O gracious God, nothing the less acceptable. Are they not written in thy book? Towards thee, O Lord, are our eyes; confirm our

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hearts, and bend thine ear, and suffer not our feet to slip, or our face to be ashamed, O thou both just and merciful God.”¹

“ Help us to learn to fear thee, who art a great King, and whose name is terrible, even the Lord of hosts. To thee, through Christ, the only Master and Teacher of the church, be praise for ever. For Jesus Christ’s sake, show thy mercy in all our aberrations, and discover them unto us more and more; keep us in, and lead us into thy truth; giving us to be faithful in that we have received, whether it be less or more; and preserving us against all those scandals, wherewith the whole world is filled. Amen.”²

Before the speaker had ended Thomas Loveland had sunk into a seat and had bowed his head with the others. When he raised it he became conscious that he was the object of most intense scrutiny. It was quite a congregation which occupied the little chapel, men, women and children. The seats behind pulpit and reading-desk were unoccupied; but, instead, two or three men sat in common chairs facing the people. There was no choir, no surplice, no sign of ecclesiastical office upon any. The silence reigned unbroken for a few moments, during which the leaders consulted together. Then two, one of them William Brewster, approached him.

“ With what purpose do you come among us, friend? ” asked Master Brewster.

¹ Apologia. Concluding paragraph.

² Justification of Separation. Concluding paragraph of Works, Vol. II. With the changes and omissions of a very few words these prayers are taken from the printed works of John Robinson.

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Master Loveland hesitated. "With no clear purpose," he answered at length. "I was wandering about the manor-house for the enjoyment of the morning sun and air, and seeing so many enter here I pushed in after one of your number. But I will go, of course, if you desire it."

William Brewster glanced at his companion, the man who had led in prayer, with some perplexity. "What do you say, Master Robinson?" he queried.

"If he desires light upon the truth," he replied, "or religious instruction or consolation, we must not refuse to offer him all that lies within our power, but if he come hither out of idle curiosity or worse, he cannot wonder that we do not welcome him. What is your opinion, friends and brethren? Master Clyfton, Master Bradford, what shall we say?"

The two addressed, one of whom was a very young man indeed, looked at each other, and then the elder arose to his feet.

"Is it lawful for us to meet with those who are not of our persuasion?" he said slowly. "By joining with them or they with us in the true worship of God, do we not by this allow that their acts are right, and connive at their sin? And so do we also become guilty of the same sin."

Master Loveland had arisen also. "Nay, I would not cause you any qualms of conscience—not even the slightest doubt in the breast of the least among you,"

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he exclaimed. "Nor need you fear any ill report which I might spread concerning you. I surmise well enough of what sort this meeting is, and know a little of what some of your friends have endured. You have separated from the Church of England and set up a private worship here. Barrowe and Greenwood and their imprisonment have reached my ears, and I had understood that there were Brownist congregations in this vicinity. As for myself, I am neither with you nor against you. Religion sits but idle upon my stomach, and I would as soon be a Turk as a Brownist. It is true I am interested in these strange dissensions, these religious fevers which do attack men, and have been much entertained by this brief glimpse of your company. But I am ever glad to see men prosper rather than suffer, and should be as sorry as you to have any harm arise from my intrusion. Master Brewster and your friends, allow me to depart now without more ado, for I have interrupted your service longer already than I would, and may the part which remains more than compensate you for that which has been lost through my coming."

So saying, Master Loveland, with his most courtly bow, withdrew, the men and women all rising with bows and courtesies as he passed out.

And so with Master Loveland we have gotten our first glimpse of some of the heroes about whom we are to hear. The following morning he rode out once more

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upon the Great North Road; on toward Scotland, past hamlet and river, field and forest, northward toward Edinburgh. Through sunshine and rain, by noon and late at night, he rode, and at length arrived again in the crowded streets and narrow ways of a great city. Far behind him in the little village of Scrooby, he left the serious, pious little congregation, and amid the rush of other things they soon slipped from his mind. But during that peaceful Sabbath morning he had come near the beginnings of a great movement, the first dawn of a new conception of truth which was to reach across a mighty stretch of waters, and illumine the civilization of the new world.

II

The Flight of the Hunted Sheep

A PERIOD of severe testing lay before the little congregation which Thomas Loveland had so surprised in the old manor-house at Scrooby. Hitherto they had lived comparatively unnoticed, careful in their new form of worship not to attract the attention of any bishop or official who might disapprove of their separation from the state church, and the little company had grown fast both in numbers and in mutual helpfulness. They trusted one another implicitly; no man there but was ready to share his living with any brother or sister who was needy; not one who was not moved by an inspiring purpose which was stronger than the love of life itself. In that little church every heart was noble, every man a hero.

The king had at length awakened to the full realization of their presence and the bishops were only too ready to urge him on to deeds of persecution. In the words of one of the Separatists themselves, " they could

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not long continue in any peaceable condition, but were hunted & persecuted on every side, so as their former afflictions were but as flea-bitings in comparison of these which now came upon them. For some were taken & clapt up in prison, others had their houses besett and watcht night and day, & hardly escaped their hands; and ye most were faine to flie & leave their houses & habitations, and the means of their livelehood. Yet these & many other sharper things which affterward befell them, were no other than they looked for, and therefore were ye better prepared to bear them by ye assistance of Gods grace & spirite.”¹

But these things could not always be borne or the little community would have been annihilated, so it was decided at length that the congregation should emigrate in a body to Holland, where there was religious toleration and liberty of conscience. Now the strangest thing in the whole matter was the fact that, while the Separatists were threatened with exile if they persisted in worshiping by themselves instead of attending the regular worship in the state church, still when they desired to go away quietly all together they were not able to get permission, but were compelled to steal away if possible without attracting any notice from the officers or any one unfriendly to them.

A large party made an attempt to escape in the fall, and hired a ship which they were to have wholly for

¹ “History of Plimouth Plantation,” pp. 14, 15.

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their own use. But the captain was unfaithful, and, after they had taken their hard journey to the sea and got on board, he betrayed them all into the hands of officers, who searched them and took away all their possessions, and then cast them into prison, where some of them were obliged to remain for a time.

But nothing destroyed the purpose of this dauntless little church, and in the spring they decided to make another attempt. One or two of the leaders when at Hull on business happened to become acquainted with a Dutchman who owned a boat of his own, and at last they decided to take him into their confidence and seek his help.

As it proved he was willing to undertake the adventure, the bargain was soon made, and the date set for sailing. Most of the little company must have been in readiness since their attempted escape the fall before, and had lived along in as easy a manner as might be, waiting for another opportunity to present itself, so that the final preparations were soon made for a second attempt at flight.

In the midst of all the packing and preparations of the Separatist Church for the journey to Holland came the Sabbath, a day of beauty and peace amid the stress of work and anxiety, and, faithful to their standard of right, the Pilgrims kept it truly and without toil, despite all the duties which pressed them. Pastor Clyfton preached a long sermon in the morning, and

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loth to part from the meeting-place where so many had found their beloved Christ, they assembled once more in the evening for a brief service of prayer and praise. But even that at last came to an end, and one after another the little company passed lingeringly out.

Among the last was a young man, apparently not more than eighteen years of age, whose open, ingenuous face, and observant, quick glance would have attracted attention in almost any company. He stood beside the doorway talking to a young woman while they awaited the coming of some of the elders who had paused in a little group behind for a few last words.

"Now cometh the time of testing again," said the maiden seriously. "In a few more hours the suspense will be over."

"Yes," replied the young man. "I have been very doubtful, Alice, of our wisdom in trying to cross in so large a company. It is less lonely, of course. Some of the brethren hardly know how to go about so long a journey, and it would be a fine thing for all to land together in the new home. But since our attempted escape last fall, I have very much doubted as to whether it can be done."

"You were one of those who suffered most, Master Bradford," said the girl, looking up at him with sympathetic eyes. "I heard about the prison, and though it is not a matter to speak about overmuch, I have often

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wished I might tell you how sorry I was that you were obliged to undergo such hardships."

William Bradford looked admiringly at the close-capped maiden beside him in her long cloak, but when she turned her serious gray eyes upon him, his own fell, as he stammered somewhat awkwardly his thanks. Alice Carpenter was a tall woman, one of those who by the erectness of her carriage and the seriousness of her bearing appeared already to be a woman upon whose strength a discouraged or weaker sister might lean. She was one of four sisters who lived in the large house at the corner opposite the chapel with her father and mother, Alexander and Elisabeth Carpenter. Alexander Carpenter was one of the capable men of the community, and his four daughters filled an important place in the little congregation of Scrooby, for they were consecrated, earnest Christians, as well as self-reliant women of an unusually brilliant and noble type. Alice Carpenter was the leader of the four, and was especially beloved by every one in the parish, among whom were not wanting many suitors for her hand, although she was still very young. One of these, Edward Southworth, was an especial friend of her father's family, and usually enjoyed the privilege of being her escort,—a privilege which the younger man, William Bradford, who was still little more than a boy, accepted with great pride whenever Master Southworth was compelled to be absent.

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Alice Carpenter had always taken a peculiar interest in the young fellow who, unprompted by any family friends,—nay, on the contrary hindered by them—had of his own accord tramped Sabbath after Sabbath across the fields from Austerfield to the meeting of the Separatists in Scrooby. It was no half-hearted interest which he had shown, and he had become no lukewarm member, for the previous fall, when the proposed escape to Holland had finally been attempted, he had thrown in his fortune with the rest, leaving his business matters, as he was not yet of age, more or less in the hands of his incensed uncles, and had endured his part of trial by prison as well as the elders themselves. He was of true steel, this young man from Austerfield, and like an elder sister, although there was but little difference in their ages, Alice Carpenter showed him her sympathy and admiration, and it was to her, as well as to her father, that he had often turned for help and counsel.

“You had very little cause to pity me, after all,” William Bradford said confusedly. “I was shut up for only a month while Master Brewster and some of the others were held a great deal longer. Besides, I had no family cares weighing upon my mind, and a young man can always adapt himself to a little adventure, or at least ought to be able to do so.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” replied Alice Carpenter. “I only hope that we women may not prove a fetter in the

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present undertaking. We must take up the part of adventurers too, and try to catch a little of your spirit, seeing we have left the needle and the spinning-wheel behind us for a time. But here comes Edward Southworth. God be with you until the morrow."

"And with you, too," replied the young man earnestly and as Alice Carpenter left the manor-house chapel he watched her cross the driveway and disappear into the darkness.

It still lacked two hours of sunrise when William Bradford and the rest tramped out of the town the following morning and their departure was very quiet. When daylight came the company broke up into groups of twos and threes in order that they might attract the less notice, and so with packs over their shoulders, some by one path, some by another, taking short cuts as often as possible, they slipped along from village to village. It seemed like merely a spring walk at first as William Bradford struck out gayly with his friend Thomas Tinker, across the fields with their fresh, green coat of grass, adorned here and there with the spring violets.

But the pack on his back grew heavier, and with it his heart, as they proceeded, leaving behind them one familiar village after another, and allowed themselves silence to think for a little of the enterprise they were attempting. Their thoughts could not rest wholly upon

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their own danger, moreover, for at the same time the women were being conveyed together with their goods by boat down the Idle to the mouth of the Trent, whence they were to go by bark, around the coast, past Hull towards Great Grimsby. Here in a little creek, near a large common, at some distance from the town, they were to be met by the captain and taken aboard. Could the two companies, the one comprising the men, and the still larger one with the weak women and helpless children, possibly escape the diligence of their enemies, and would the captain keep faith with them or only betray them to the officers, as the English captain had done but a few months before?

"I doubt very much," said Thomas Tinker despondently, "if we ever succeed. Why, it would be little short of a miracle for so many people to leave the country together unnoticed! Every farmer who sees us, every child even, will wonder why so many strangers are passing his way and when we reach the creek, if indeed we do, matters must be hurried to the utmost not to lose one instant in getting water between us and the shore."

"That is true enough," replied William Bradford. "We must do our very best to make haste at the last. But notwithstanding everything, our affairs are in God's hands, and if we should be caught, they would doubtless but send most of us back to our homes again, or else to exile, which is the very thing we are seeking. Perhaps

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we shall be facing home again, Brother Tinker, within a few days only."

William Bradford's face lighted up as if the thought were not wholly unpleasant after all, but his companion looked at him with anxiety.

"We should be sorely disappointed," he said. "But come, Master Bradford, is not this the right hand turning just beyond the river, which Master Brewster told us to take? We must keep up a sharper pace, too, or our friends will be overtaking us and we shall not reach the grove in time for our share of lunch. Who put up your basket of provisions for you, William?"

"Mistress Elisabeth May," replied William Bradford; "and Mistress Alice Carpenter added some of her sweet flat cakes, which have the caraway seeds strewn on them. Perhaps you may have tasted them at some time."

"Oh, yes," replied Thomas Tinker, "every one in Scrooby knows Mistress Carpenter's flat cakes. Edward Southworth will have fine dinners if he win the heart of that maid. But we must not talk too much, and save some breath for that steep hill yonder. My bundle is growing heavier, too, with every mile, and I think we shall need all our patience before the day's march is over."

It was a tired company indeed that rested, some of them in the woods, some in an old barn near Caistor that night, and a still more weary band that arrived

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at the little creek near Grimsby on the following morning. The sun was already high in the heavens when they came within sight of the shore, where they hoped to find the women and children perhaps already aboard the bark, so that nothing would remain to be done except to join them.

What was their disappointment, then, to see no large ship awaiting them, but on the other hand the boat which had borne their families and possessions down the shore to meet them stranded in shallow water, as if it had no notion of ever going out into the waves again.

“What can have happened?” exclaimed Master Brewster in great dismay. “Run, Will, and see if you can wade out far enough to get to her, and hear what has happened. I hope there has been no accident.”

With rolled-up trousers William Bradford set out, jumping carefully from stone to stone, and managed at last to reach the little sailing-boat where he scrambled up to the deck. There, sitting and reclining in various ways against the sides of the boat or boxes of goods, he saw many of the women he knew, whose pale and worn faces told him their journey also had not been an easy one.

“What is the matter, Mistress Carpenter?” he asked as that tall young woman hurried past him, a steaming cup in one hand and a towel in the other. “Why are you all caught thus up here upon the shore,

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when we had hoped to be aboard the captain's vessel before long?"

"And where is the vessel which you expected to see us boarding?" replied Alice Carpenter. "It is true we are caught just now, and have got to wait for the tide to lift us, but we could do nothing else except wait, even if we were out there, where last night the wind tossed the boat about like a cork. No, 'tis nothing but seasickness—commonplace seasickness which has driven us in here, but you need not frown or laugh either, Master Bradford."

"I was not frowning," protested William Bradford. "Only the women should not have let so small a thing be the cause of any risk to our plan."

"Oh, I know you are not frowning outwardly, but you men are all so apt to think us weak, and that we yield unnecessarily to trifles. No, I was not sick—here, Agnes, answer that for me—but some of the women, and the children, too, were truly so ill that I was very fearful for them. And if the men had been in our situation I know they would at least have been in as much of a hurry as we were to get to a quieter place. But how did your party get through—without any adventures at all?"

"Yes, very quietly," replied William Bradford. "We—but look there! There is the Dutchman's ship coming this moment around the bend! Oh, would you

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were out in the bay now, so that we could all be aboard and off in an hour!"

Alice Carpenter looked where the young man pointed, and her look of half-laughing excuse faded. "Oh, I wish we were!" she exclaimed earnestly. "How long will it take, do you think, for the tide to raise us?"

"Three hours at least." Together they stood gazing eagerly upon the advancing ship.

"She looks seaworthy," said Alice Carpenter. "I am so glad the captain has kept his word to us, but how I wish we had not gotten into this predicament! If we could all have gone aboard from this boat, and then it could have gathered you men from off the shore, we could have been ready to start soon."

"That was what we planned," said William Bradford seriously. "But it cannot be helped. Now I must make haste back to Elder Brewster, for I have already delayed longer than I should, talking. They are all very anxious over there to hear just what the trouble was."

"Seasickness—just a little seasickness," said Alice Carpenter mournfully. William Bradford smiled a little—the defensive words of excuse had changed so quickly to regret and self-accusation after the ship had appeared. Then he waded out into the water.

Much anxiety prevailed on shore when he explained

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the situation, for every moment of delay now added tenfold to their peril.

A boat sent out by the Dutch captain carried one or two of the elders to the ship, where they discussed the chances of getting aboard.

"There is nothing that we can do except to send the small boat backward and forward, taking the men off as swiftly as possible, and hoping that by the time we have finished, the boat where the women are may be afloat," said the Dutch captain. "It is no fault of theirs. The man who managed her should have seen to it that he was not caught in such manner. All right, men," he shouted. "Pull over to the shore again, and bring out another party."

The Dutch ship lay of necessity some way from the land, and the row seemed long, but it was not a great while before a few more men reached the vessel, among them William Bradford. He was the last to scramble up to the deck, and just as his foot touched the planks, he was astonished to hear the burly voice of the captain swearing roundly.

"Sacramento!" he exclaimed. "The officers have caught us," and without waiting for consultation or thought, for which indeed there was no time, he ordered his man to hoist the boat, pull up anchor, spread sail, and before William Bradford realized what had happened the ship was in motion. Behind them on the shore he saw a company of armed men together with

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an excited crowd of onlookers advancing upon his friends. The latter, after standing firm in a body for a moment, broke and scattered, running hither and thither like so many excited sheep, so that the officers succeeded in capturing only a few of them. All this occupied but a few minutes, and as the vessel rounded the bend of land, William Bradford saw a company of officers turn down the shore toward the boat.

"They are after the women and children," exclaimed Master Allerton, beside himself, sinking down with his head buried in his hands. "To think that I am safe aboard this miserable ship, while my wife is left there to endure their fury! Captain, turn this vessel about to shore! I want to go back."

"Not I," said the captain. "If you but stop to consider a moment you can see that it would be madness. Your friends were wise people to scatter, and so you are also to flee, if possible. For what can the officials do with a company of blameless women and children? There is no law by which they can be condemned, and they will find opportunity to join you, if you yourselves, the real offenders in the eyes of the law, can but once reach Holland. Cheer up, friends. We have got as well out of this pickle as any one could hope after that foolish grounding of the bark, and even if it were not so, I would not turn back, to let them get a clutch of me, for more money than you can offer. So

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bear off, boys, bear away now. We've a good wind, and away we go."

The captain's words, although they seemed but cold comfort to the ears of Master Allerton, were for the most part full of common sense. The men had indeed scattered, each for himself, as they knew that not one of them could help another even if they lingered, while each one who escaped might possibly be of service.

So but few of them were taken, and the women and children, together with all their possessions, were the greatest part of the capture. They were all thoroughly searched, and everything available carried off by the officers, after which they were thrown into prison to await the decision of the courts. In the words of William Bradford, "Being thus apprehended, they were hurried from one place to another, and from one justice to another, till in ye ende they knew not what to doe with them; for to imprison so many women & innocent children for no other cause (many of them) but that they must goe with their husbands, semed to be unreasonable and all would crie out of them; and to send them home againe was as difficult, for they alledged, as ye trueth was, they had no homes to goe to, for they had either sould, or otherwise disposed of their houses & livings.

"To be shorte, after they had been thus turmolyed a good while, and conveyed from one constable to another, they were glad to be ridd of them in ye end

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upon any termes; for all were wearied & tired with them.

“Though in ye meantime they (poore soules) indured miserie enough; and thus in ye end necessitie forste a way for them!”¹

Now, as for the men in the Dutch captain's vessel, they were indeed in no enviable condition. All their goods in most cases had been stowed away in the boat where the women were, so that they were left absolutely destitute, some without money, and some without change of clothing, or many of the seeming necessities of life. Their great venture had failed; their wives and children were in prison, suffering they knew not what; they themselves were on the way without friends to an unknown land, where the most they could hope for was but a bare subsistence, to be wrested from this strange people, by occupations to which they were wholly unaccustomed. No wonder that their hearts were faint, and that they had need of all their Christian fortitude and trust in God.

For a few days out the weather was fair, speeding them on their way with favorable winds, but at last even this consolation left them. The sky grew dark, heavy winds arose, and there burst upon them such a storm as the sailors had never before encountered. Steady and staunch as the little vessel was all at length gave up hope.

¹ “History of Plimouth Plantation,” pp. 20, 21.

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For seven days, sun, stars and moon were alike unknown. Many times it seemed as if nothing could longer save them from going down together into a watery grave. Confusion and despair reigned among the Hollanders, but the sturdy Pilgrims were still undaunted.

Amid showers of water as the drenching waves swept the deck, they still retained their self-control, and cried earnestly upon God, repeating over and over again when almost despairing of hope, "Yet, Lord, thou canst save! Yet, Lord, thou canst save!"

And at last, their escape, which seemed little less than a miracle, came. The wind ceased, the clouds lifted, and fourteen days after leaving the shores of England, they arrived at their port in Holland, although the ship was in a badly damaged condition. Together the little band of Pilgrims went up to the city of Amsterdam, where their friends joined them in parties of twos and threes. All plans for a general exodus were from this time given up, but in little companies, some in one way and some in another, they were at last reunited once more.

III

The Fugitive Press

THE little church of Scrooby lived in Amsterdam not quite a year. The life here was a great change for them, coming as they had from a quiet farming community into the hurry and bustle of a foreign city where every one spoke in an unknown tongue. It was not easy to live thus, but the people adapted themselves as well as they might to their new surroundings, learned trades, and engaged in all sorts of industries.

Theirs was not the only British church in Amsterdam, for it had long been a place of refuge for the oppressed. The Ancient Exiled English Church was here, the Scotch Presbyterian Church, the Poor English congregation, and their old neighbors, the Gainsborough Church; so that they found opportunities for Christian fellowship which it might have been supposed would prove a great advantage. But such was not the case.

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It was not long before quarrels and dissensions arose in the neighboring churches, so that they became hotbeds of ill feeling rather than places of peace and inspiration, and any efforts at peacemaking seemed but to foster the growth of the poisonous weeds. The leaders of the little Scrooby church became alarmed. Were they, too, to fall into such hatreds and dissensions as had diseased the neighboring churches? It would be better to undergo any hardships rather than to fail so miserably. Every day they were incurring the danger that the partisan interests of some of their own members might become inflamed. The poison was too deadly for them to abide with safety in the neighborhood, and they removed as a congregation to Leyden, then one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Although only one-third as large as now it possessed many advantages, among them a great university, much vigor of thought and interest in the great ideas of the age, beauty both of natural location and of architecture, and flourishing business industries, chief among which were the woolen manufactures.

Here the Separatists employed themselves in various trades and prospered, although attended by many disadvantages. Some became baize and serge weavers, wool-carders, spinners or wool-combers; others, hat-makers, rope-makers, twine-twisters, carpenters, masons, bakers, brewers, and pipe-makers.

A large house with a court at the rear was pur-

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chased by Pastor Robinson and three of the other Separatists and within this little court humble dwellings were built for several of the congregation. Probably others settled near by, so that Bell Alley, as it is called, close under the shadow of the great St. Peter's Church, became a little Separatist neighborhood, and here they lived, labored and worshiped for several years.

It was not long before several marriages took place, as the city records prove, for marriage was a civil affair in Holland, and was not performed by minister or priest as now, and this custom the Separatists carried with them when they moved to their new country. In these records may still be found the names of many of the Separatist fathers and their brides, although some of them are hard to discover in their Dutch disguise of strange spelling.

It is in the civil archives of Amsterdam, however, not of Leyden, that we find a marriage record in which we shall perhaps be interested. Dorothy May was probably a member of the congregation in the Ancient Church, and in some way had met Master Bradford during his sojourn in Amsterdam, but in any case we have the record dated on the 8th of November, 1613, that William Bradford, a fustian worker "van Closterfeldt in Englandt" gave notice of his engagement to "Dorothea May, van Witzbuts, in Englandt," and on the thirtieth day of the same month, they were married in that city. Much feasting and merrymaking

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doubtless followed each of these events, for that was the custom of the day, and there is no reason to suppose that our Pilgrim forefathers refused to enjoy themselves in any way which seemed to them right, stern and rigid as they were in following the path of difficult duty.

After his marriage William Bradford returned to Leyden and here he lived, busy at his humble trade of a fustian worker, and gradually obtaining a position of much influence and respect in the little community.

His friend, Alice Carpenter, in due time was married too, to young Southworth, and many other friends followed their example, some of them taking wives from among the Dutch neighbors, and identifying themselves in other ways with the foster city of Leyden. Nor were they engaged alone in the material pursuits of their neighbors, for we find traces of them in the literary life of the town. Pastor Robinson and others were matriculated in the university and shared its privileges and protection. Two of them at least became interested in a printing enterprise, the story of which has come down to us and affords a true picture of a condition of things very different from anything we have to-day, an adventure which it would not be possible now to repeat.

A printed book was regarded very differently in 1619 from the way in which it is now. The book which you hold in your hands is a comparatively insignificant

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nificant thing—one perhaps taken from a large library of volumes; only one of thousands which were printed the same year in this great country of ours; only one book among the many which you will read this year—a thing to furnish amusement or instruction for an hour or two, and then to be tossed aside to make way for another.

But in 1619 a book was a very different matter. It was something little short of witchcraft, that printed page, which could be multiplied so rapidly by the magic power of the press. An untruth, an error, might be sown broadcast by the printer over the entire land and the poison take root in a thousand minds. “The custody of the hand printing-press there was regarded then as dangerous a thing as the custody of dynamite would be now. It was most carefully locked up every night, in order to prevent secret printing.”¹

In 1615 there were only thirty-three hand printing-presses in the city of London, and everything which was printed by these was most carefully inspected by the official appointed for that purpose. In this way nothing could possibly be printed except what would meet the king’s approval, and it is needless to say that the printing of Separatist ideas was an impossibility.

In Holland, however, the press was not as carefully watched, so that it became possible for Thomas Brewer to set up books with type which he kept in the

¹ E. Arber, “The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers,” p. 19.

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garret of his own house, and then to have them struck off by some printer whose name is unknown. William Brewster himself did a great deal of the actual work, while Master Brewer furnished the money for the enterprise.

Everything went smoothly with the printers at first, and a number of books were printed, when at last a copy of "Perth Assembly," by David Calderwood, a book in favor of the Scottish Kirk, fell into the hands of Sir Dudley Carleton, and brought about all the mischief. The king at this time was endeavoring to destroy the Church of Scotland, and to establish the Episcopal Church in its place. This book, which described one of the most important of the general assemblies of the Church of Scotland, contained much which would have proved destructive to the king's plans, and his officials were instructed to be tireless in its repression. By a similarity of type, this book was identified as coming from the Pilgrim Press, and an untiring hunt for the printers began.

Thomas Brewer was captured without much difficulty, but little was proved against him. He was held in prison, however, for a long time, being sent over to England in the meantime for examination before King James, but as he was a member of the Leyden University he was by the law of the time saved from much which he might otherwise have suffered.

William Brewster was more fortunate. Hunted

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out of Leyden, he was for a long time pursued from one place to another, but at length the officers congratulated themselves that they had him within their power.

He had returned after many hurried flights to Amsterdam, Leiderdorf, and other places, to pay a secret visit to his family, when he was taken sick there. Here he was housed in a little house on the Choorsteeg, an alley which leads up from Broadway to the Choir of St. Peter's Church.¹

Dusk was deepening into night on Thursday, the nineteenth of September, 1619, when William Bradford ran up the steps of the little house, and hurriedly knocked for admittance.

"Where is your father, Love?" he asked of the sturdy little boy, who had come running to unbar the door. "Show me where he is, quickly, little man, for I have important news for him."

Without a word Love mounted the stairs, and only looking around to see if Master Bradford were following him pushed open the door at the right. Master Brewster was sitting quietly, his face turned toward the window, through which he could see the red glow of the sun, which had sunk below the dikes.

"Ah, William, welcome. Sit down in my big

¹ There is much uncertainty as to the whereabouts of Brewster and his family during all this time. See Arber, Chapter xxv, especially pp. 199-211; also Dexter's "The England and Holland of the Pilgrims," p. 580.

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chair here. You are good to come in to pass away an hour for me. How is your little wife, Dorothy May?"

William Bradford sank into the chair with a long breath of relief, for he had been walking rapidly. "She is well, I thank you. But I have come with bad news, elder," he went on quickly. "The officers are coming here to-night for your arrest. If we cannot get up some plan speedily, everything will be lost."

"Oh, no, not everything," interposed the elder with a weary smile; "only one more person will have to be bothered with courts and judges. I shall but keep friend Brewer company."

"But it will not come out so," exclaimed William Bradford tempestuously. "You must and shall escape, God willing, for we cannot afford to lose you. How much can you walk?"

"I have walked about the room twice this afternoon," said Elder Brewster quietly, "but Mary said I ought not to stir."

"Well, you will walk more to-night, will he not, Mistress Brewster?" William Bradford said to the woman who had come to the door and was standing silently listening.

"Yes," said Mistress Brewster. "How large a bundle shall I gather up for him to carry with him, Master Bradford?"

"Ah, there speaks somebody who is ready for deeds and will not waste our time with words," laughed

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Elder Brewster. "I will not carry any bundle this time, Mary. I shall make shift in some way, and be back again before you know it."

William Bradford shook his head a little, but turned the conversation to the exits of the house, the streets which could be reached from St. Peter's Church, the darkest by-paths, and cuts across to the more obscure homes of one or two of the Separatists. In half an hour all was arranged, and it was agreed that an hour later Master Bradford should return with one or two of the others to assist in the escape.

It was completely dark when at eight o'clock they stole out of the little door at the rear of the house and close to the old St. Peter's Church, and Mary Brewster softly closed and bolted it behind them. The high belfry above their head shut out the light of the moon which was just appearing above the tiled roofs of the city. Behind them they could hear the cry of the watchman on Broadway. A little boy, belated while on some errand, darted around the corner before them and disappeared. In every house lights could be seen, but the streets were very dark, for this was long before the lighting of public highways.

"How do you feel, elder?" inquired Pastor Robinson anxiously.

"A little trembling, I will confess it," replied William Brewster. "But be of good courage, brother. Now which way are we to turn?"

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"Down this way, down this way," said William Bradford in a low voice. "Feel your way! Close to the wall of the church! There are steps herè."

Slowly the little company crept down, reaching out their hands to learn by touch all that was possible in the dense darkness, when suddenly, directly in front of them, they heard the tramp of several feet. A swinging lantern appeared, and then another. They lit up the faces of the men who carried them, who were in uniform.

"Back, up the steps, and cling close to the wall of the church behind the tower," whispered William Bradford. "It is the bailiff himself."

With tottering feet Elder Brewster was hurried up the steps he had so tremblingly descended, and the whole party shrank close to the friendly brick walls, scarcely daring to breathe as the officer and his men swept by them.

In the house next to that of William Brewster, Raynolph Hausen sat beside the fire rocking his baby. It was the first son, a sturdy little fellow, the joy and pride of his father's heart, and as he rocked him he watched his wife stirring the kettle and getting ready the dishes for supper with great satisfaction of mind and body. It had been cold that day out in the streets and shops where Raynolph had labored ever since day-break. He had been well chilled many a time, but now

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the warmth of the fire crept up his legs, and he stretched his feet out to the blaze for a good toasting. The fire-light flashed over the well-polished pewter which was stacked upon the shelf above his head, now lighting up a plate, now a tankard, now with the catching of a fresh stick throwing the warm glow even upon the baby's little plump face.

It was too comfortable. Raynulph's head began to nod, dreams of the day's work began to mix themselves with his reverie over the fire. Now he was selling cloth once more to a customer, the piece suited, the price was paid and the man departed. But no, here he was back again; he flung the door open with a heavy crash which startled the shopkeeper in his task of replacing the goods. What a stormy customer! What could he have found wrong, for now he was swinging his purchase violently about the head of Raynulph himself.

"What do you want?" he shouted at him.

"I want you," replied the customer, and Raynulph started up.

A baby's crying rang from the cradle at his feet; before him stood a burly officer brandishing his club, while a body of men were huddled in the background, between him and his weeping wife.

"What's all this about?" asked Hausen in a confused way. "Am I still asleep?"

"I rather think not," said the officer bullyingly. "You are arrested by order of the chief constable."

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"On what charge?"

"You know well enough; I have naught to do with explaining it." The bailiff's voice was thick. Raynolph Hausen saw at a glance that he had been drinking.

"Can none of you men tell me for what I am arrested?" he demanded.

"Keep quiet," replied the bailiff, raising his club. "I,—hic, I didn't bring them to talk, I—I'll do the talking myself."

Raynolph Hausen laughed and turned reassuringly to his wife. "Don't worry, little girl. It is some mistake, but since I cannot find out the meaning of it here, I had better go with this man quietly. Here, take the boy out of the way. I'm ready, bailiff," and taking the cap and coat which the trembling wife brought him, he walked out in the midst of the armed guard.

It was all over in a few minutes. Half an hour later he was in the guard-house, and by that time William Brewster was out of harm's way, safe because of the blunder of a drunken bailiff.

The vigilant officers did not again discover his whereabouts. For nearly a year he was carefully shielded by the members of his little church, until he with them left Holland forever. The faithful elder of the little flock could not be spared, as Bradford had said, by the people, in the forming of whose future he was to play so important a part. It was God as well

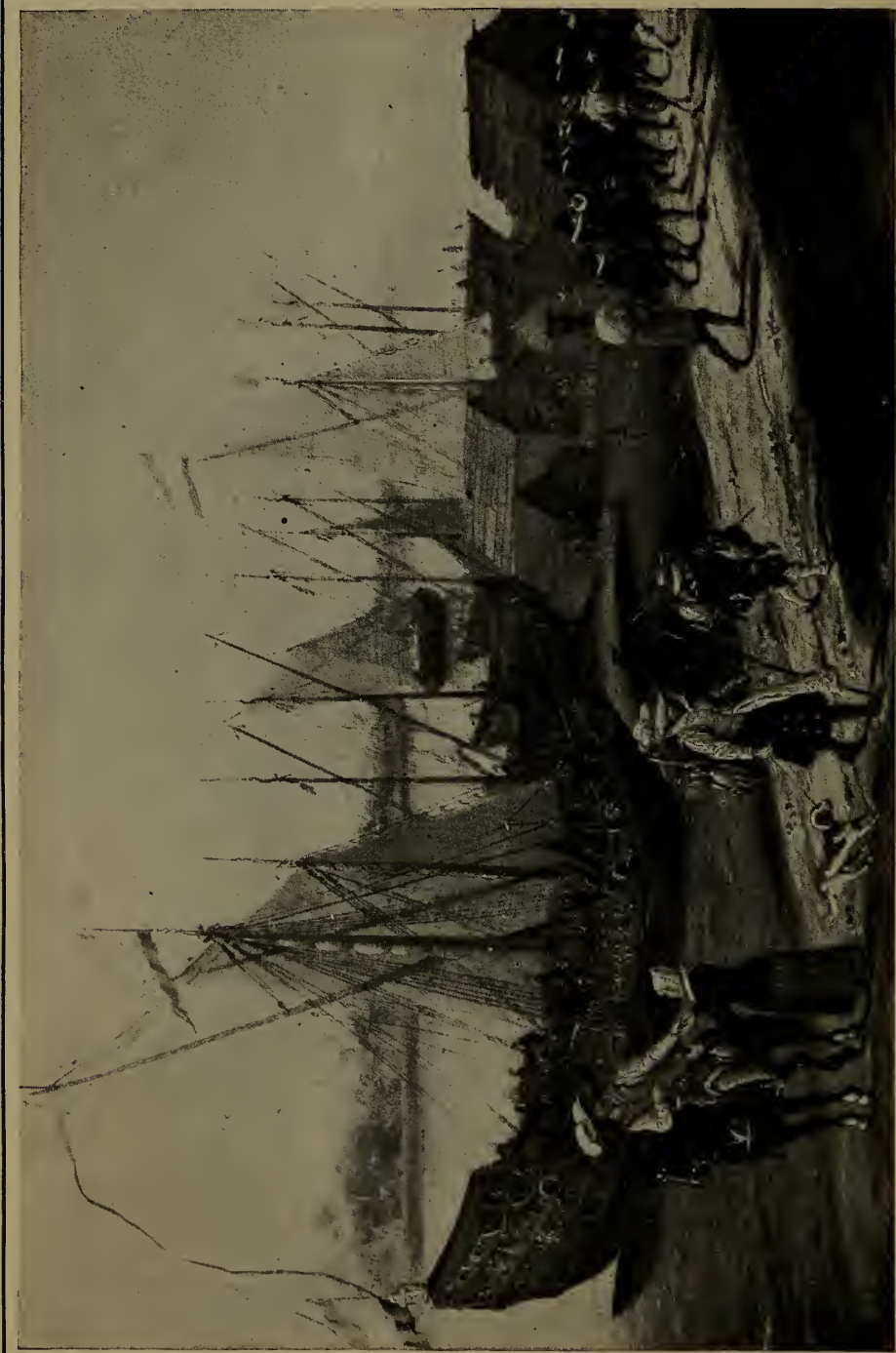
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as the congregation who thus protected William Brewster from the wrath of the English king.

Brewer, after being held in prison for a time, was at length released about a month before his death. The types which the printer had used were discovered in the garret of Brewster's house and seized. The door of the garret was nailed in two places, and the seal of the officer was placed upon the lock and nails.

Thus ended the Fugitive Press of Leyden and all its work—a work regarded at that time as the spreading of a deadly pestilence, a work which we of to-day know was but the earnest, loving service of light and truth.





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The Departure of the Pilgrims from Delfshaven, July, 1620

From a Contemporary Dutch Painting.

From The Congregationalist, Dec. 17, 1896.

IV

On Board the Mayflower

ELEVEN years had passed over the little church in Leyden. On the whole they had been happy, successful ones, but still there was much that troubled the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers. Some of their friends who had planned to join them in Holland had been unable to do so because of the strangeness of the land and the difficulty of earning a living there, accustomed as they were only to farming.

Old age was carrying away a number of the first comers, and there seemed none to take their places. It was impossible, to any extent, to reach their Dutch neighbors with these new teachings, friendly though they had been; impossible in any way to reform their Sabbath, which, according to the Pilgrims' standard, was very loosely observed. As for their children, among whom they might have expected to find many new and ardent supporters, they found instead the cause of their greatest sorrow, for many of them, through

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the hardships and poverty of their lives, grew old before their time under their burden of care and work, while others, despairing of any joy or hope in so stern a church, left the faith of their fathers, and lived lives very far indeed from the standards which had been held before them.

Then, too, poor and struggling as they were, it had ever been the burning desire of the Pilgrim Church to carry their message of light and truth to others more unhappy than themselves. They longed to be a missionary church, and so great was their zeal that they were willing not only to send missionaries as their representatives, but as a congregation to go to some land where the ignorant ones might be found.

All these reasons aroused their leaders to the discussion of plans for emigration, either to America, Guiana, or some other warm country.

For many reasons America seemed to promise most to them, although every attempt at colonization was attended at that time with the greatest hardships and dangers. Colony after colony had failed in Virginia, but the faith of the Pilgrims was boundless. If it were God's will he could sustain them in every trial, in the wilderness of America just as securely as amid the civilization of Holland. Many negotiations were carried on both with the Virginia Company and with the Dutch, but at length an agreement was reached between

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the Pilgrim Fathers and a company known as the Merchant Adventurers.

Two vessels were fitted out and filled with those who were willing to go, the Mayflower and the Speedwell. The latter, however, proved unseaworthy, and after two attempts to leave England, they were at last compelled to abandon her, as she leaked too badly to admit of any long journey.

A long journey indeed it proved to be. With over a hundred people on board, the Mayflower struggled on for over nine weeks through fair and stormy weather. When land was at last sighted it proved so difficult for the ship to reach Hudson River, where the Pilgrims had planned to settle, that they gave up this determination and being driven by a seemingly irresistible fate upon the shores of Cape Cod, they decided to make that their home. Their first harbor was at Provincetown, where before anchor was cast a most important event occurred on the Mayflower.

In the captain's cabin a body of men were gathered, standing packed closely together, shoulder to shoulder, each one listening with a serious, thoughtful face. Above the desk hung the rough chart of the times. There was no barometer, no thermometer in the cabin, no electric light, or buttons to call any servant to the captain's command. No lamp even! Nothing but a rude lantern which swung suspended from the ceiling overhead. In one corner stood a little cask half-filled

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with gunpowder. From a nail beside the door dangled a heavy sword. A broad sheet of parchment lay spread out upon the desk, and John Carver stood resting one hand upon it as he talked.

“Friends, there has been some appearance of faction among us. This may not have come to the notice of all of you, but to some of us it has been very plain. They are only a few, but there do exist those who are not well affected to unity and concord. So consulting together, and with as many as has been possible, some of us decided to call you here to-day that we might consider some means for obtaining peace and safety through an orderly government. We are far from home. There is no way in which the king’s laws and statutes may be administered among us save through our own will and action. We must have an association and agreement binding us together in one body. Then each member, nay rather, each inhabitant, must be obliged to submit to such governors and government, as we shall, by common consent, choose and form. It is the only way in which we can prevent disorderliness or protect ourselves and families against the crimes of any malicious person.”

Master Carver paused and glanced about upon the faces before him. “Is there any one here who does not agree to this?” he asked.

A man who had been leaning against the door, drumming against it impatiently now and then, took a

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step forward and looked up at the faces of those near him.

John Carver's kindly look faded. "Well, Master Billington," he asked, "have you anything you would say to us?"

"No, there's no use for me to say aught now. The plan is already made and finished, I see, by the few who plan to run us all." An indignant movement swept through the little company. "All I have to say is, if the king could be here you would not dare thus to assert powers which have been given you by none."

Something very like a laugh sounded behind the speaker. "Of course, if King James were here we would not need or desire another governor," said a voice. "But he would hardly come across to superintend the little village we are to build on yonder shore, and my hearing is not so keen as yours, Master Billington. I cannot hear his voice across the waters, for the noise of the waves. So what shall we do now?"

"Oh, you will sign it! You will all do as you are told, and so shall I, too," replied Master Billington sullenly. "I shall sign it. Go on with your planning."

There was silence for a moment and then the calm, unruffled voice of Carver again was heard. "Elder Brewster and Edward Winslow have a compact prepared for our discussion. Master Winslow, will you read it?"

A man of medium height with thick, curling locks

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advanced to Master Carver's side. He is one of the little company whose portrait has come down to us—a man of kindly, far-seeing eyes, and firm mouth, one of the future governors of the little state. Taking the parchment from the captain's desk he read:

“In ye name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwriten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by ye grace of God, of Great Britaine, Franc, & Ireland king, defender of ye faith, &c., haveing undertaken, for ye glorie of God, and advancemente of ye Christian faith, and honour of our king & countrie, a voyage to plant ye first colonie in ye Northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly & mutually in ye presence of God, and one of another, covenant & combine our selves togeather into a civill body politick, for our better ordering & preservation & furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and, by vertue hereof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

“In witnes wherof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap- Codd ye 11. of November, in ye year of ye raigne of our soveraigne lord, King James, of England, France, & Ireland ye eighteenth, and of Scotland ye fiftie fourth. Ano: Dom. 1620.”¹

¹ “The History of Plimouth Plantation,” p. 110.

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"Has any one noticed any point which he would wish to question or discuss?" asked Master Carver, when the steady, deep voice of Edward Winslow had finished. There was silence. "Do you all agree to this compact without change or any discussion concerning it? Is it your wish that we should sign it as it is now worded?"

A deep murmur of assent broke over the little company. "Is there nothing any of you wish to say? Will you sign it as it is now written without word or question? Master Billington, do you object to anything?"

Silence for a moment as John Billington moved uneasily but finally muttered that he had no objection.

"Then, as you all agree thereto, you will sign it as it stands, and after all have written we will proceed to the election of the governor."

So saying, John Carver drew a pen toward him and signed his name round and full to this most important contract. William Bradford, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, Isaac Allerton and Miles Standish quickly followed him, after which all the other members of the little company came forward one by one, including John Billington.

After all the names were written Master John Carver was chosen by the company as their governor for the time being, until greater leisure should allow them to form more completely their miniature republic.

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lic, to frame its laws and elect its officers as future conditions might prove best.

"We shall have trouble with that fellow some day," whispered Miles Standish to Isaac Allerton as Billington left the cabin. "I do not see by what means he ever obtained leave to join us."

"Nor I, either," answered Master Allerton. "But he is here, and there is no way now to rid ourselves of him. However, we have something now behind us for authority, if it be only this slip of parchment which we have ourselves written, and we must take care to nip all unlawfulness in the bud for the sake of our families and our faith."

"This day is an important one for our colony," said Miles Standish. "We are at last joined together in form as well as in spirit."

That scene in the cabin of the Mayflower has been pictured many times. Well it may be. The compact registered the feeble beginning of the free action of Americans who have learned that they have power to govern themselves.

It was Saturday, the eleventh day of November, 1620. The Mayflower was within Provincetown Bay at last, where Captain Jones was quietly tacking about seeking the most favorable place for landing, for the water was exceedingly shallow all along the shore, so that nowhere could the Mayflower come nearer than three-quarters of a mile. Many of the past few days

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had been cold and bleak, but this morning the sun shone out warm and full of good cheer; after many weeks of peril and suspense they were at last close by dear mother earth once more; to-morrow was the Sabbath, but the next day some of the party would go on shore; gladness and eager expectation, mingled with many anxious forebodings, filled every mind.

Mistress Brewster and Mistress Dorothy Bradford had obtained permission from Captain Jones to sit up on the forward deck, where in a snug little corner behind the ship's long-boat they would be out of the way of the sailors, and at the same time be sheltered from whatever cold breeze blew in from the ocean. The sunshine shone warmly on them, the low-lying shore was before them, and between the two on a folded shawl was the youngest member of the party, little Oceanus Hopkins, who had been born during the voyage.

Dorothy Bradford tucked the little form up snugly. He was fast asleep.

"This fresh air and the sunshine will do him good," she said. "It is hard for a little baby to be so long shut up in the close cabins."

"Hard, indeed," replied Mistress Brewster, "but not so hard as for the others, for little Oceanus knows nothing about it."

"Oh, yes, he knows. He's only a baby thing, but you know, don't you, Oceanus?" said Dorothy Brad-

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ford, stooping down to kiss the wrinkled little hand, and small, claw-like fingers. "Poor little fellow, he grows thinner every day, but you know that you can sleep better out here in the sun, don't you, Oceanus?"

"There, be careful, child, you will wake him up. How glad I shall be Monday if we can go out to the shore to wash! Oceanus shall have a clean blanket then instead of that dirty cloth."

"I know that I shall enjoy it better than anything else I ever did in all my life," said Dorothy Bradford, looking mournfully down at her blackened kerchief. "The men do not care as we women do about being clean, but even Will said he hardly believed he could endure it much longer. What would neighbor Suisse-roth say if she could but see me! I expect she has scrubbed her sidewalk twenty times since I left."

Goodwife Brewster smiled a little sadly. "It is best not to think too much about those behind us if we can help it," she said. "We must think instead of the things before us. Look there at the trees on the shore. How many do you think you could name?"

"They are too far off for me to see clearly," said Mistress Bradford. "But they all look strange. Even the sky and the water look strange to me to-day, as if they were not real, but only a painted picture. I can see far more plainly the room at home with the little table where my sewing always lay, and the picture of the English lane upon the wall. Last night I was walk-

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ing in my sleep up the old lane at father's home again. I do not believe I shall ever walk over those strange sands, and through those low woods over there."

"Why, Dorothy," interrupted the older woman, almost sternly. "What strange fancies! You are surely not one of those who look back after having set their hands to the plow."

"No," replied the young wife musingly. "I would not turn back, but still I feel in some strange way as if all this wild life were not to be for me. There is a spell upon me of things far away."

"Cast it off then," exclaimed Goodwife Brewster decidedly. "You must not yield yourself up so easily to mere impressions. Look over there, dear little goodwife. See! there is one of the whales spouting about which we have heard so much. Captain Jones said that we might have made many thousand pounds if we had but had the spears and means to take them."

"Yes, William was quite excited by them," said Dorothy Bradford. "And Captain Jones said that he was coming back for them next winter. Will said that there was no such whaling even in Greenland."

"The fowls are plentiful, too. They will make a great addition to our stock of provisions. If we could have had one of those for William Button a week ago perchance he might have recovered. The poor fellow pined sadly for some fresh meat, and Dr. Fuller will miss him greatly. Well, it is to be wondered at that

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we have had no other deaths among us. Dr. Fuller's servant and that ungodly sailor are the only ones. The Lord has indeed preserved us."

"Truly, indeed," admitted Dorothy Bradford. "How that wicked sailor did rail upon us who were sick, and how he spurned us! But truly he suffered worse than did we all, at last. I never before saw judgment follow so swiftly upon the wicked, as upon that ungodly man. Your poor little boy, Wrestling! How he did curse him when he was seasick! But there, little Oceanus is waking up! See, Oceanus! There, do not sob, I am here, little one."

Little Oceanus in his dirty blanket was lifted softly in Dorothy Bradford's gentle arms. Some little feeling of love and sunshine and warmth reached even his baby brain and he feebly smiled—the first time. Before him, too, lay the bleak coast, and the cold which by and by was to loosen his little feeble grasp upon life, but now he only smiled and cuddled up happily against Dorothy Bradford's neck, as she carried him down to his mother's cabin.

The following Monday the goodwives of the Mayflower celebrated the first great wash-day of all New England housekeepers.

V

Squanto

WHO can make clear to us who live in comfort and luxury to-day, the blackness and terror of the weeks and months that followed? It was a time of desperate striving, of despairing struggle, while one after another of the little company fell sick and died, overcome by the horrors and agony of that first winter. Nearly all of the wives and mothers perished; out of twenty-four households four were wholly obliterated, and only fifty-one were left of all the little congregation when the following winter came bringing the Fortune with its gift of friends to the colony.

The first of all death's victims was Mistress Dorothy Bradford. While the Mayflower still lay with all its load of women and children in the first harbor, she fell by accident and was drowned, fortunate, we might almost say, to escape the hardships of those bleak wintry days that followed.

Thus Master William Bradford was left alone to

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fight his battle against the wilderness and despondency. A difficult fight it was. In the words of his journal he could "but stay and make a pause, and stand half amased at this poore peoples presente condition; and so I thinke will the reader too, when he well considers y^e same. Being thus passed y^e vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembred by y^t which wente before), they had now no freinds to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodyes, no houses or much less townes to repaire too, to seeke for succoure. . . .

"And for y^e season it was winter, and they that know y^e winters of y^t cuntrie know them to be sharp & violent, & subjecte to cruell & feirce stormes, deangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast. . . .

"If they looked behind them, ther was y^e mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a maine barr & goulfe to separate them from all y^e civill parts of y^e world. . . .

"What could now sustaine them but y^e spirite of God & his grace?"¹

Notwithstanding all their many obstacles they at length succeeded in erecting a few hastily built houses as a protection against the winter's cold, together with a shed or common storehouse for their provisions. The company was divided into nineteen families, all single

¹ "The History of Plymouth Plantation," pp. 94-96.

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men being obliged to join some household that thus fewer homes might be necessary.

As for the Indians, they appeared at first very shy, so that it was difficult to obtain a chance to speak with them or even to see them, and their actions were not always friendly. On one of the explorations, previous to their choice of a site for the village, a sharp encounter occurred early one morning between some of the Pilgrims and a party of Indians, but no one was hurt. It was not until the sixteenth of March that they at last met one of their hitherto almost unseen neighbors. On that day, which was fair and warm, the Pilgrims had assembled to decide some matters relating to their miniature army, when the meeting was interrupted.

In the very midst of the village appeared an Indian, alone and unabashed. He passed by the newly built houses and coming straight to the meeting-place of the white men called out boldly, "Welcome." His name was Samoset.

In the year 1620, one day in early spring, an Indian sat before his wigwam at work on a pile of arrows. At first glance there might have appeared nothing unusual about him, but had one noticed him carefully he would have seen that his eye was unusually keen, his face full of intelligence, and that there were kindly lines about the mouth, more pleasing than could often be found

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upon the faces of his race. As he worked he repeated two words over and over in a tone of surprise and pleasure, "White men, white men, white men."

Strange memories were passing through the brain of Squanto as he sat there in the March sunshine at work on his pile of arrows. This was his home. As a boy he had roamed the woods, first with the Indian boys, and then later with the chiefs of his tribe. He had snared the partridge and gray squirrel, caught the fearless fish, fought the enemies of his people, and taken part in the wild war-dances and in the religious rites to the mysterious gods about whom the powwows and pineses taught him. The birds, the sunshine, the rain, the forest, the glistening trout, all were his friends. His enemies were the cold, the wildcats and other denizens of the wood and the hated warriors of the near-by tribes.

It was a simple life, and while he was a boy, hardy, agile, tireless, Squanto had been satisfied, and cared for nothing more.

But with his manhood mysterious longings had awakened within him. What was the meaning of the forest? Where was the god who spoke in the deafening thunder? Where were the happy hunting-grounds? Did his mother when she died find out these things? She had slept so soundly! If he could not awaken her, who could? Squanto sought the answers vainly. Perhaps the powwows knew more than they were willing to

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tell to every one. He, too, would become a medicine-man.

But just after he reached this determination a strange thing had happened. A huge boat like a gigantic bird, with white, outspread wings, had come across the great water. In it there were men,—strange men, with pale faces, and sticks which held the lightning, ready at any time to dart out straight upon an enemy, and when they departed they seized Squanto and carried him with them. For many days and many nights Squanto was borne in the heart of the great bird across the ocean, and when the white men brought him out to land, he was in a new world. He traveled through Spain and England, and many other places, but where they went, and why, Squanto scarcely knew. City and country were alike marvelous and unreal. The crowded street, the high brick walls, the mighty cathedrals,—he gazed with wonder and amazement upon every one and like pictures they remained stamped upon his brain, but the cause of them all, the great past which held the explanation of all these earthly marvels was a sealed book to Squanto, and their mystery was far greater than the mysteries of the forest and the medicine-men. Still there were many things that he learned as the days went by. Like a little child he came to know many of the words his masters tried to teach their new slave. They could tell him simple things at last and he could understand and answer. One day some one

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told him of the white man's God, a new God who was kind, and could do anything he wished, even with powwows. He must be greater than the gods of the medicine-man, Squanto thought. Could it be that this God was the great Father of the happy hunting-grounds? Was he Kiehtan, or was he larger and stronger than even that mighty hunter? But the white men who had tried to teach him, did not know, or did not understand when Squanto asked them about it.

He went back across the great water again, this time to help the white men to fish, and proved himself patient and brave. The world grew larger every day to Squanto, and his heart and mind grew broader too. After all, the white men had been very good to him, for one of the things that Squanto had desired above all else was to understand the reasons of things, and they had helped him to a wider knowledge. How much more these palefaces knew Squanto could not even imagine, but he looked at them admiringly. Through them had come the light, and he was ready to follow where it led him.

At last Squanto made another journey. He was sent by Sir Ferdinando Gorges in a large party commanded by a gentleman named Dermer back once more across the sea. These people of whom he had learned so much needed Squanto to teach them now, for they wished to explore the coast, to learn something of his home land, its soil, its trees, its shore, and neighboring

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tribes, and to rescue a company of Frenchmen who had fallen into the hands of the Indians. Many were the adventures that the little party underwent, and Squanto was true to those whom he was helping to guide. The pale-faced leader owed his life to him when he was captured by the Pocanawkits, and again, at Manamoiak, Squanto cast in his strength and cunning on the side of the white men. But at last on the Isle of Capawack all the palefaces were killed except two who barely escaped with their lives to the Virginia Colony and their Indian companions alone were left.

Squanto was back once more in the land of his boyhood, back in the old familiar forests, and beside the well-known shores of the great ocean. But how changed everything seemed! About four years before a deadly plague had arisen among his people, the Patuxits, and when it had done its work not a man, woman or child of Squanto's tribe was left. Their fragile dwellings had long ago disappeared. The little village of his own kin had vanished and Squanto went to build his wigwam in the neighborhood of the Massasoyts, a tribe which had formerly been friendly to his own.

There he lived among a people who could not understand and who would hardly believe him when he tried to tell them of that great land across the vast waters. They did not care to hear about the wonderful homes of the palefaces and Squanto could find no Indian words with which to interpret his memories.

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One friend, however, he had in the person of Samoset, an Indian chief from Pemaquid, in what became long years afterward the town of Bristol, Maine. When Captain Dermer's ship had touched at Monhegan on its way south, Samoset had joined the little company of white men and now after their unfortunate adventures he still lingered on among the Massasoyts before making the long five days' journey northward back to his own people. Much of the time he spent with Squanto in his little wigwam, and occasionally they spoke of the past and tried their new language, the language of the white men. Whey they sat thus in the evening beside their matted wigwam a feeling of satisfaction arose in Squanto's yearning heart, and he felt that he was not wholly lonely, for Samoset could partly understand him as no other of his Indian brothers could.

The first summer back in his own land was ended. The winter snows fell, the little river was covered with its ice floor, the bare trees were coated with crystal, and then with blankets of snow. On the white ground was written every morning the story of the night before in the tracks which Squanto loved to read. The days were short. Then came rain and wind and sleet. The ice in the river rotted and cracked and finally went out, tumbling down past the wigwam on its grinding, furious journey. The sun was later in its setting. There was the wonderful breath of something in the air which set

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Squanto's heart all burning with an eagerness for he scarcely knew what, for summer, for achievement, for joy. The spirit of the spring was upon him, and he forgot the desolation of his land, and his own loneliness. One day a bluebird sang behind his wigwam; the next day Samoset came in and told him that the pale-faces were come again! He had talked with them, eaten at their house, and they had come to dwell among the forests. They wished to see Massasoyt, and to become his friends. Samoset had promised to arrange it all.

In silence Squanto listened to his story. His heart was beating fast, but he looked calmly out with immovable face upon the swift, foaming river. When Samoset had finished he laid his arrows together and slowly arose. "I go to the white brothers with you," he said, and together they entered the forest on their way to Massasoyt.

Four days later the mighty Massasoyt with his train of friends and attendants came to the little village on the shore of Plymouth Bay. It was a fair, warm day, the twenty-second of March, and the Pilgrim Fathers, who had at last on the day previous finally left the Mayflower, were assembled in one of their partially completed houses, busily engaged in concluding those laws and military rules which seemed so necessary for the orderly government and peace of their little republic. They had already been interrupted in similar meetings three times by the coming of their

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Indian neighbors, and now when they had been only an hour together Samoset and Squanto appeared with three other Indians laden with skins and freshly dried red herrings, and brought the news that their great chief, Massasoyt, with his brother Quadequina, was only a little behind them.

The Pilgrims were at first unwilling to send their governor, John Carver, to receive so dangerous a visitor, but it was at last arranged through the good offices of Squanto as interpreter, that Edward Winslow should go to meet the great sagamore and make known the good wishes of the white men toward him and his tribe. A pair of knives and a jeweled chain, together with some food, were sent as a gift to the mighty Massasoyt, and Master Winslow, who was not so very long afterward to become the governor of the little colony, explained that through him King James did accept of them as friends and allies, and that his own governor, John Carver, desired to see him, both to trade and to confirm a peace with him, as his next neighbor.

In the end, hostages being retained on both sides, Massasoyt with about twenty of his men crossed the town brook, and were escorted up to the meeting-place of the Pilgrims by Captain Standish and half a dozen musketeers. There the chief was seated on a green rug, and on the arrival of the governor, who was followed by a drum and a trumpet and some few musketeers, the conference of peace began.

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It was a strange company, the grave Pilgrims full of anxious care for their feeble little band upon the one hand, and on the other, the savage red men, suspicious, yet with a certain childish awe of these wonderful strangers who had appeared so mysteriously in their midst. Samoset and Squanto were the only ones who understood their strange words and even to them the sentences were filled with but shadowy meaning.

One of the Pilgrims themselves writing later of this important meeting says of the Indian chief:

“All the while he sat by the Governor, he trembled for fear. In his person, he is a very lusty man, in his best years, of an able body, grave of countenance, and spare of speech. In his attire, he was little or nothing differing from the rest of his followers: only in a great chain of white bone beads about his neck; and at it, behind his neck, hangs a little bag of tobacco, which he drank and gave us to drink. His face was painted with a sad red like murrey; and he oiled both head and face, that he looked greasily. All his followers likewise were, in their faces, in part, or in whole, painted: some black, some red, some yellow, and some white; some with crosses and other antic works. Some had skins on them, and some were naked: all strong, and all tall men in appearance.”¹

With eager ears and stumbling tongue Squanto

¹ From “New England in America,” as quoted in E. Arber’s “The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers,” pp. 458, 459.

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stood between Governor John Carver and Massasoyt, listening now to one, now to the other, and interpreting as best he could the words of each. There was to be peace between them, and Squanto's heart was glad, for both were his friends. They were to be brothers, not foes, and the white men who had taught him such great things were to be his neighbors forever and forever.

It was a long conference, for first the red men must partake of their white brethren's food,—a pitiful banquet it was, for the long winter of illness and want lay close behind them, and the provisions were fast wasting away,—but the Pilgrim Fathers would not begrudge food to the only visitors they could have in all this land, and their hospitality was none the less to be admired because it was policy also to propitiate these guests whose friendship or whose enmity would mean so much.

At last when the feasting and the ceremony were ended, came the real business of the day, the treaty with Massasoyt. William Bradford has recorded it in his journal as follows:

“ 1. That neither he nor any of his, should injurie or doe hurte to any of their peopl.

“ 2. That if any of his did any hurte to any of theirs, he should send ye offender, that they might punish him.

“ 3. That if anything were taken away from any of theirs, he should cause it to be restored; and they should doe ye like to his.

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"4. If any did unjustly warr against him, they would aide him; if any did warr against them, he should aide them.

"5. He should send to his neighbours confederats, to certifie them of this, that they might not wrong them, but might be likewise comprised in ye conditions of peace.

"6. That when ther men came to them, they should leave their bows & arrows behind them."¹

The day was nearing its close when this treaty, so important in the eyes of both parties, was at last concluded. With due ceremony the great Indian chief and his band of followers arose and were escorted to the brook by the governor. After Massasoyt's departure a visit was received from his brother, and after Quadequina had returned, several of his companions lingered. But at last all had departed except two dusky figures who still remained in the growing twilight beside the newly boarded house.

"I stay with the white brother. Help him plant, help him fish, help all ways," one of them said in broken English. It was Squanto with his friend Samoset.

In the months which followed Squanto proved as good as his word. On the very next day he went to fish at the river, and brought home as many eels as he could carry in one hand as a feast for some of the hun-

¹ "The History of Plimouth Plantation," p. 115.

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gry colonists. He it was who taught the Pilgrims where to plant their corn, where the fish were most plentiful, and where many things which were of use to them might be procured. He was their teacher and guide in numberless affairs of practical importance, and their scholar as well, ardent in his desire to be a true member of that little community with which he cast his life. Indeed if it had not been for his assistance it seems as if starvation must have overtaken the colony, for the English wheat and peas which were sown that summer were a complete failure, while the Indian corn, which Squanto had taught them how to plant and cultivate, yielded a good harvest, and it was upon this that the Pilgrims mainly subsisted during the following winter.

For a year and a half Squanto lived among the pale-faces. He was not always wholly true to both his new friends and the old dusky tribe which he had left behind in the forest. Visions of riches and of power floated before him. He enjoyed the position of influence which his association with the more intelligent white men had given him. He endeavored to pose before the Indians as a powerful counselor of the Pilgrims. He it was, they believed, who could stir up war whenever he wished, and could make peace for those who would make him gifts. Even the plague, he wished them to believe, was subject to his control. He together with the palefaces, his friends, kept it buried in the ground,

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but could at any time draw it out and send it in all its deadly power against their foes. In their eyes he became a mightier friend than Massasoyt, and a far deadlier enemy.

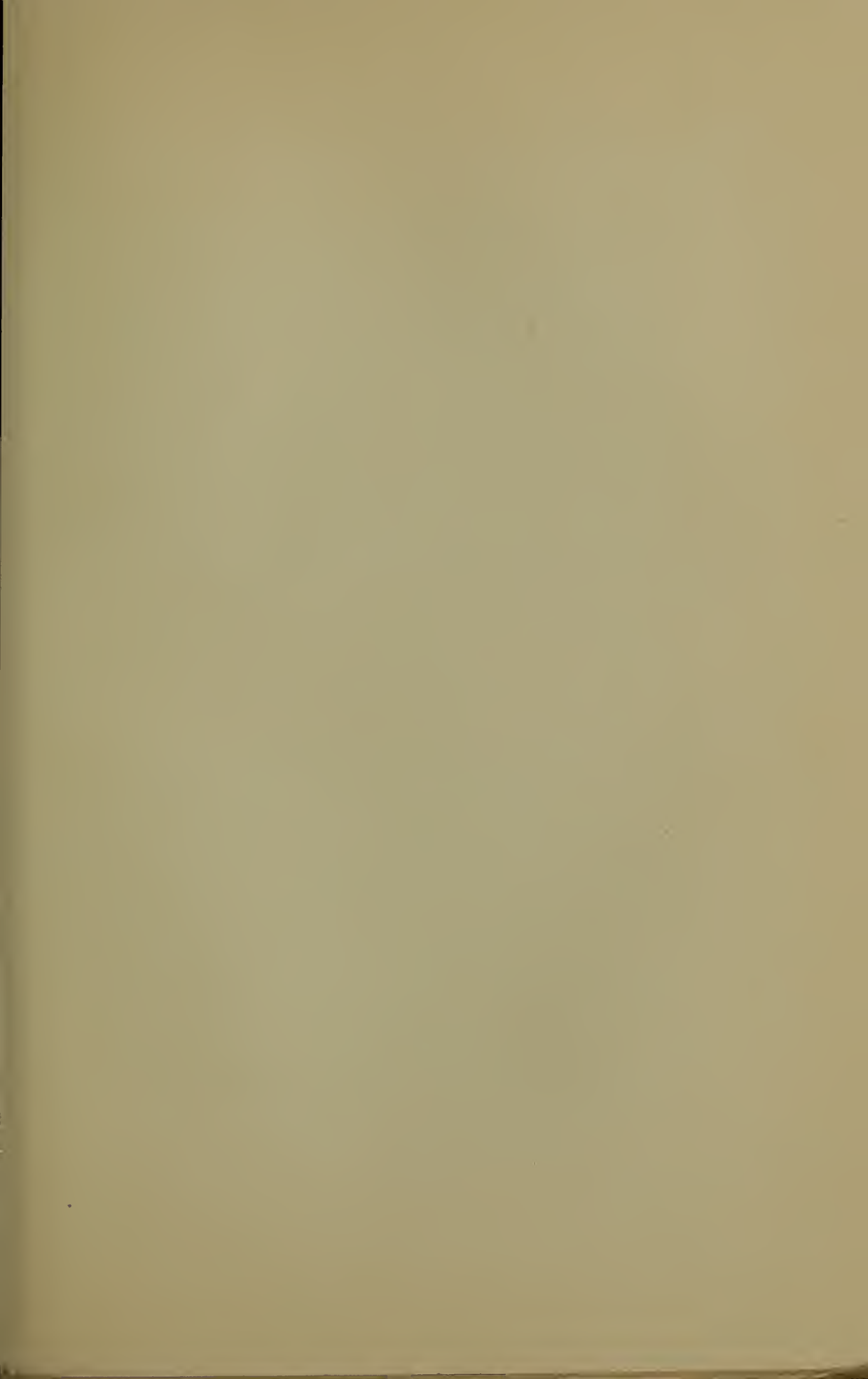
These were ignoble means by which to seek ambition's ends, but Squanto was still walking in a spiritual twilight. He had been only an Indian so many years, and knew how he might so easily outwit his fellows! What wonder that he yielded to the temptation!

It was shortly after the harvest of the following year, 1622, that Squanto went with the governor and a party of others on a journey for corn, which was still scarce and very much needed in the struggling colony. If they could but round Cape Cod they had great hope that they might be able to purchase what they wished, and so they set out in a small ship to endeavor to pass that dangerous shoulder of land, with Squanto as their guide and interpreter. The dangers of that perilous peninsula, however, proved to be too great. Flats and breakers made their chance of success seem small, and finally the courageous little company put back into Manamoyack Bay where they purchased what they were able. In this place Squanto became sick, and within a few days the Indian friend of the Pilgrim Fathers passed on to "ye Englishman's God in heaven" whither he had begged the governor to pray that he might go. In the words of William Bradford himself, "they had a great loss."

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Against the unknown history of the red people, the figure of Squanto stands out clear and strong. As far as we know he was the first Indian of New England to grope his way into the beginnings of a wider knowledge. A number of times is he mentioned in the crowded records of the Plymouth colony. He was no useless inhabitant. He was strong enough so that he raised himself from out of the barbarism of his people and at the same time helped his rescuers to plant a firm step upon a new world where successful colonization at that time seemed to be but an impossible dream of reckless adventurers.

Had it not been for Squanto, blind struggler from barbarism up to civilization as he was, the Pilgrims had doubtless planted and watched their little crops upon the shores of Plymouth Bay in vain. Would they, unaided, have made friends with their savage neighbors, would they have found where the wild fowl were plentiful, and when the fish were to come up the stream of their tiny village? And if not, what then? We shall never know, for Squanto came to help them. He taught them how to wrest food from the inhospitable coast on which they dwelt, and guided them on their little journeys through this strange land. But he had his reward, for when he started on his lonely way to the happy hunting-grounds he did not go in darkness. The white brother had taught him the way to the Great Spirit, and prayed that he might find the path light.





The Elder Brewster Chair and Peregrine White's Cradle



Miles Standish's Sword and Utensils

VI

The First Thanksgiving

FORTUNATELY for the Pilgrims the first winter which was spent in their new country was comparatively mild, otherwise their sufferings must have been even greater than they were. As early as the seventh of March some garden seeds were sown, and every effort was made by the enfeebled little company to make provision by ample crops for the following winter. It was a heavy task, however. Only thirty-two men remained to take up the burden of the colony. They must needs be carpenters, farmers, hunters, soldiers, sailors and statesmen, and nobly did they labor to accomplish what seemed almost impossible.

Part of their harvest was a failure, owing to their ignorance of the climate. The barley was not very good, and the peas unfit for use, owing to the lateness of their sowing, but still sufficient success crowned their labors, so that they felt they had great cause for rejoicing. Some twenty acres of Indian corn ripened, so

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with the abundance of game and fish which the country naturally afforded, their food for the winter was assured. Seven dwelling-houses had been erected, together with four others designed for the use of the entire community.

It seemed fitting to William Bradford, who had been chosen governor after the death of John Carver the preceding April, that so many blessings at God's hands should be gratefully acknowledged by a time of special thanksgiving and rejoicing, and a week was set apart by these sober and busy people, for a season of feasting and joy. It is good to think of them in their happiness, and to get a last glimpse of them as they gathered around their loaded tables, sorrows and dangers for a time forgotten, to celebrate the first New England Thanksgiving Day.

The sun-dial before the door of the governor's house pointed to noon. A savory smell came through the rough log walls and out of the rude chimney at the rear of the cabin—a smell suggestive of roasting fowl and venison, of fresh corn bread and cakes. Before the door Samuel Fuller and Henry Samson sniffed hungrily.

"Mistress White has baked ten cakes. I saw them on the great table waiting for the dinner-hour," said Samuel as he dug his small moccasined feet into the loose earth beside the steps.

"And the Indians have brought great store of

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oysters. They were big and white. O Samuel, don't you wish we celebrated a Thanksgiving every week instead of the Lord's day?" exclaimed his hungry companion.

A little girl with shocked face and wide, surprised eyes peeped around the corner of the house. It was Priscilla Mullins, the only one left of all Master William Mullins' family after that dread spring of 1621 had passed.

"I heard you, Henry Samson. What would Elder Brewster say to you, if he knew what you said just now?"

"Well, he don't know," cried Henry Samson defiantly, "and I do wish so. I like to have something more than cod for dinner, and we've had only that for a long time, and I'd much rather watch the men drill than go to church. We'll be men and drill too, some day; but you can't because you're only a girl."

"I don't care," said Priscilla. "I can cook with Mistress Brewster and the other goodwives," but her lips trembled as she turned back soberly toward the kitchen where Mistress Brewster, Mistress White, Mistress Hopkins, and Mistress Billington, the only four wives remaining of all that brave little company, were at work.

Indeed their labors were not small these days. Despite the assistance of their husbands, upon them devolved most of the care of feeding the fifty colonists

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and their ninety visiting Indians during the days of feasting. They were the goodwives, the matrons of the entire colony, and responsible for whatever of home life it might be possible to maintain in their present forlorn condition. Two babies, Samuel Eaton and little Peregrine White, and at least four little children, besides other older sons and daughters were dependent upon them for motherly care. They it was who must be ready to cook and sew, to clean and mend, to nurse and plan for all. But there were heroines as well as heroes in those days, and there in the kitchen stood Elizabeth Hopkins and Ellen Brewster stirring the gravy and basting the fowls, while Mistress Mary Brewster cut great slices of corn cake, and Mistress Susanna White comforted little Samuel who had just fallen and bumped his head against the big spinning-wheel.

"There, there, hush, Samuel, or you will wake Peregrine. Priscilla, cannot you rock the cradle a little, and then carry Samuel out-of-doors while we serve up the dinner?"

"Peregrine is sound asleep," answered Priscilla as she peeped under the coverlids into the huge wicker cradle. "Come, Samuel. Don't you want to go out to see the boys?"

A young man, the ship's cooper, who had decided to remain with the Separatists, was lingering outside the kitchen door. "Here, let me take the baby, little Pris-

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cilla," he commanded, "and do you walk along with me to amuse him. He is getting too heavy for you."

"Don't wander far, John," called out Mistress Hopkins as she lifted a great fowl, the giant turkey of all the wild flock, out from an iron kettle to the large pewter platter. "We shall be ready soon."

It was no meager dinner which the goodmen of the colony found awaiting them as they came in from their drill in the crisp fall air. Wild turkey, with corn bread, fish from the bay, fried eels, mussels and clams from the mud-flats close to the village, oysters and venison brought by Massasoyt and his followers, wild grapes, plums, white, black and red, and plenty of gooseberry sauce with Mistress White's cakes to conclude the banquet! There was enough for all, with a plentiful supply left over to load down the second table set for Humility Cooper, Priscilla, Samuel, and Henry—a great feast and well enjoyed after the plain and often scanty dinners of the past busy summer.

At the head of the table sat Governor William Bradford—no more the young man, inexperienced and delicate, who had fled from his uncle's home in Austerfield, thirteen years before, but a serious and dignified leader of the people with whom he had cast in his lot. In the preceding April, the first governor of the plantation, John Carver, had been stricken down, evidently by sunstroke, while busy planting in the fields, and within a few days died, leaving the Separatists without

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a ruler. William Bradford was not at that time recovered from an illness in which he, too, had been at the point of death, but within a few days he was chosen to fill Master Carver's place with Isaac Allerton as an assistant, and these two were reelected together annually for several years. To-day his face, though happy, looked worn and tired whenever he ceased speaking, and as Isaac Allerton leaned over toward Elder Brewster after he had finished the long grace he said, "Our governor looks weary, Elder Brewster. I am afraid he is working too hard this harvest time."

"It is his heart which has been most weary," answered the elder gravely. "Mistress Dorothy Bradford was a light in his home which could not well be missed. He has been trying to deaden thought by labor, just as so many others have done. Had it not been for our sorrows, we handful of people could never have reaped such a harvest. Our men have labored that they might cease thinking."

"What are you talking about?" called out Miles Standish gayly from the opposite side of the table. "Isaac Allerton is whispering as closely as though he were plotting some rebellion with our good elder. Speak up, man, and tell us thy secrets."

"Nay, captain, we will obey your orders when you lead us to battle, but not when we are seated before a table like this. Will you not lead the attack upon that

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great turkey set before you and send on the vanquished to Dr. Fuller? He looks hungry still."

"With pleasure, if the doctor will care for me in case I in turn am overcome by this bountiful dinner. This platter is heavy, Dr. Fuller; will you not pass your plate for this gigantic wing?"

"Thank you, captain," returned the doctor with one of his rare smiles. "I had no time for breakfast, so I am hungry, as I look, after my fast."

"What now, doctor? Who is sick?" inquired Elder Brewster anxiously.

"Francis Billington," returned the doctor with just a bit of a twinkle behind his inscrutable face. "He had eaten too many good things somewhere or other, I think. He was so sick a boy that his father was awake all last night caring for him, but he was better before I left, and I think his mother is here helping this noon."

"Billington, Billington," muttered the plethoric captain in great disgust. "That family can get into more trouble than a dozen men can remedy. They are a plague to the colony."

"Nay, nay, let us not be too harsh," said the elder gently. "Mistress Billington has been of great assistance to us."

"Mistress Billington has, perhaps," said Master Hopkins laying down his great knife, "but the boys are always up to some mischief. I shall never forget

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how young Francis fired off his father's fowling-piece in their cabin on the Mayflower."

"Yes, and more than half a barrel of powder scattered about the room, with so many iron things that if a man had aimed carefully he could hardly have avoided damage," said the captain.

"If his father had not been away on a voyage of discovery he would never have gotten such a chance," laughed John Alden. "When a boy has been cooped up a hundred days on a little ship where there is hardly room to walk a rod, he must find some outlet for his energy. After we had come on shore the boys were all like hounds let loose."

"I should say so," exclaimed Captain Standish. "Did we not spend three days of our precious time last August hunting for young John Billington when he was lost in the woods and taken up by the Indians over at Nauset? Fortunate it was for us that the waterspout we encountered that afternoon did not endure long, and fortunate for him that the Indians were friendly, or his escapade would have been a very serious matter. I think I have never seen such a storm as we met that first day at sea."

"God be praised," said Governor Bradford, "that we rode it in safety. When I consider all the mercies of this past summer, I can but marvel at God's wonderful providence. As for Master Billington and his family, is it well that we speak more of them? We all know

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them and what sort of persons they are. I know not by what friends they shuffled into this company, but since they are here they are part of us, and to be respected as neighbors as far as maybe. Let us not befoul the days of rejoicing with any idle words. Captain Standish, what are we to do this afternoon to entertain our Indian friends? ”

“ Massasoyt and his followers are to run races for our amusement, after which we are to exercise arms,” answered the captain. “ I hope we shall make a good exhibition, that we may impress them as being both dangerous enemies and desirable friends. To-morrow they are to give a show of their own method of warfare, which I am especially anxious to see, and I hope all of you will observe their ways carefully.”

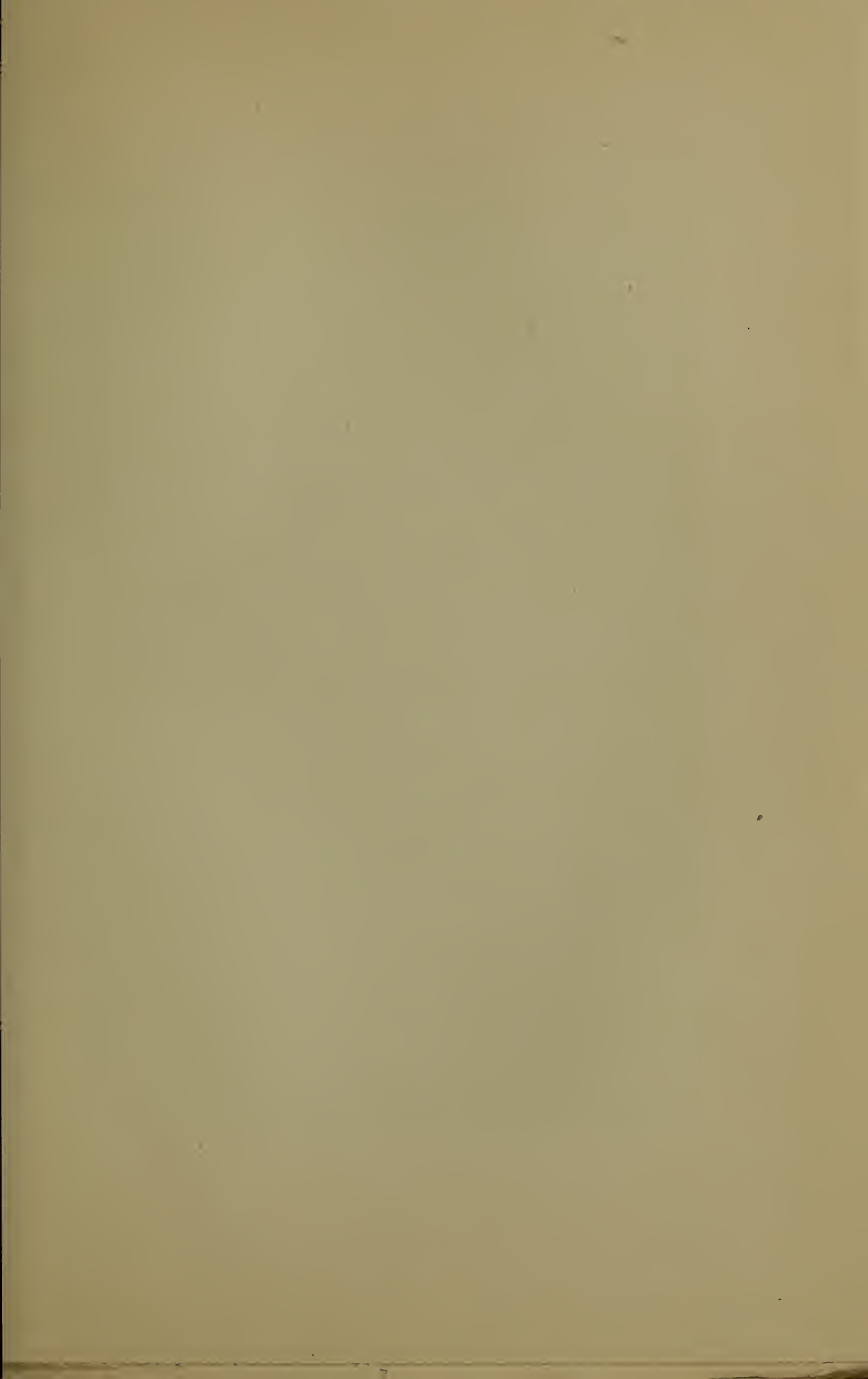
“ That we shall,” said Governor Bradford. “ We are all as desirous to learn as you are to have us, captain. But now had we not better leave further feasting for the end of the day? Too long lingering here will not make us any more ready for our part of the sport, and it is well to be temperate even in this time of abundance. Elder Brewster, will you not return thanks for us for all God’s bounty? ”

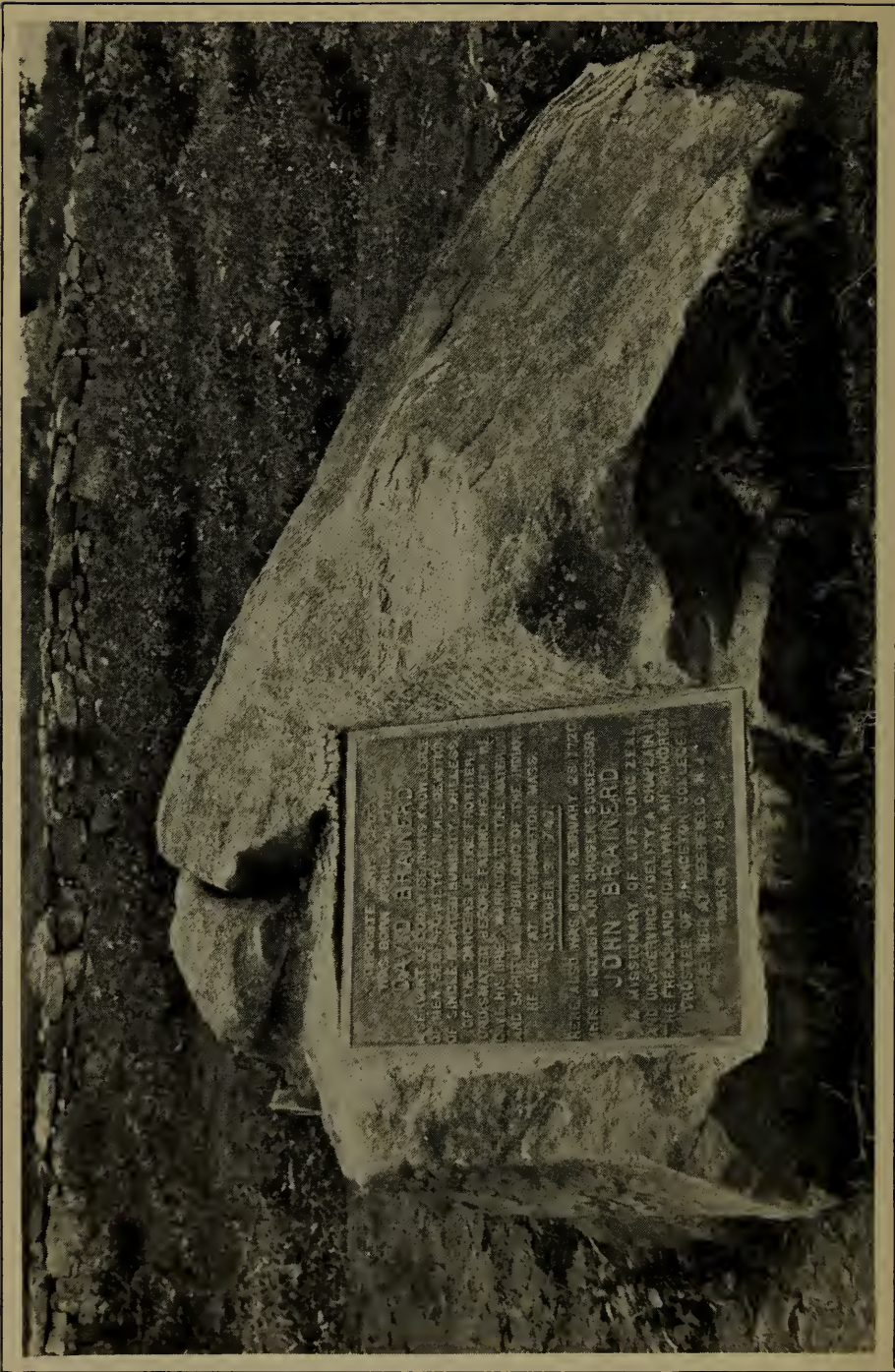
With bowed heads the little company arose. It was no simple form for them, that closing blessing. Many a meager meal had they eaten in the past year, while family and beloved friends lay dying all about them. Many of them had passed through dangerous illness

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and severe suffering. How often had they questioned whether after all there was any possibility that their little colony could escape, as by a miracle, the dangers that had hitherto defeated any attempt to colonize this unknown continent! Their strength was feeble compared to that of some who had preceded them; the spot where they had settled was bleak and rocky; how could they overcome the difficulties which had vanquished others? Only through God's help. If their cause was indeed his cause, he was able to save, and so they had trusted through cold and pestilence and famine. The first of their reward was before them—a bountiful harvest, and exultantly they praised God who had delivered them from the grim danger of famine. All their hearts echoed the “Amen” of Elder Brewster's thanksgiving prayer, and then joyfully they passed out of the rough-hewn door to the glad fall sunshine and their Indian allies.

They had successfully established a colony. A God-fearing New England had been born.





The Brainerd Commemoration Tablet

VII

A Wise Physician

THE little Plymouth Colony by its wisdom and courageous industry had secured for itself a foothold on the bleak shores of Massachusetts. Slowly it grew in numbers and prosperity until in 1628 the hardy Pilgrims were in a comparatively comfortable condition. If they could then have been left entirely alone perhaps they might have maintained their existence independent of any outside help, but this condition was impossible of attainment. The end of Separatist immigration from both England and Holland was practically reached, and it could be only a question of time when others unfriendly to their religious views should come and force them to relinquish that freedom of worship which they had bought at such a price. What chance was there of averting such a calamity?

This was the question which filled the thoughts of Dr. Fuller, Plymouth's beloved physician, as he descended the hill from the rude house which served alike

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for fort and church. The setting sun lit up the snowy landscape and was reflected in a fiery glow from the ice-fringed roof of the rough fort. Dr. Fuller gazed up with absent mind at the gaping mouths of the eight little cannon which peered down at him.

He was the beloved comforter and healer of the colony. None had borne his part more nobly than he. None had the welfare of the little community more in his thoughts. From the time of that first dread winter when one-half of the people had perished, up to the present, he had been one of the sure props and never-failing helpers of the church and of every family. Nor was it alone his work among the Pilgrims which had filled his busy days. His labors of love among the sick Indians had won the affection of even those savage neighbors, adding a still stronger strand to the bond of friendship which held the tribes in alliance with their white neighbors.

Lines of courage, tenderness, good cheer and strength were written all over the worn and care-beaten face of the good doctor as he gazed up at the setting sun, but to-night a deeper furrow of thought and anxiety appeared among the others.

It was only a short time previous that the inhabitants of Plymouth had received news of the arrival of a company to the north—a little group of Puritans headed by Endicott, who had come on to prepare the way for a large colony, and were endeavoring to make

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a settlement at what is now Salem. Details concerning their plans and aims had thus far been very meager, but the good doctor had just met John Alden who said that a messenger had that afternoon arrived at the governor's house with a letter from the Puritan leader.

"What could its purport be? Were the relations between the two colonies to be strained or could they help one another?" Dr. Fuller realized that this letter might make clear the attitude of the new arrivals, as he looked down the hill toward the governor's house which lay not far away.

Across the snow-stretch between a man was hastening. He was short and sturdy, and his heavy sword swung at his side. There was but one in all the colony who walked like that, Miles Standish, captain of the Pilgrim army. Dr. Fuller hurried down to meet him.

"So I have found you, doctor," exclaimed Captain Standish, as they approached each other. "Your good-wife said you had gone this way. I have news from the governor for you."

"What is it?" asked the doctor eagerly. "From Endicott's colony?"

"Yes," replied Miles Standish; "it is an urgent summons, or we should not have sought you in such haste. Our friends the Puritans are suffering greatly from illness and are in sore need of a physician. They have heard in some way that we have a wise physician with us—nay, do not silence me, doctor,—and that you

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are skilful in letting of blood, and so they have written, beseeching that the governor may send you to them."

"It is a bad time to leave our own people," answered Samuel Fuller gravely. "There are many sick, and the goodwives need my counsel, although they are faithful nurses. What is the nature of the disease over at Naumkeag?"

"Principally the scurvy, though there are other distempers also come upon them. They have suffered from lack of suitable food and homes, just as we did at the beginning, and the condition of the servants is especially distressing. I fear that we shall seem very ungenerous if you do not make the journey."

"It must be done," returned the doctor. "I shall waste no time in taking up this service for the Lord. He can guard those I leave behind, and perhaps there is some greater work to be accomplished in Naumkeag than we at present see clearly."

The good doctor and the sturdy captain gazed feelingly into each other's eyes. They knew one another's thoughts but neither spoke further. Then Dr. Fuller hurried on down the hill to make ready for this new service of love.

The new colony at Salem had indeed suffered heavily. It had been a time of trouble and anxiety for all, and Dr. Fuller, accustomed as he was to scenes of similar distress among his own people, had yet felt the strain of it keenly. Nevertheless in the midst of his

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labors he had snatched a few minutes now and then to talk with the governor, John Endicott, concerning some of the things which so filled the hearts and thoughts of each.

Separatists and Puritans had gradually come to hold very similar opinions about many things. For both the Bible was the only true source of authority; both held the Church of England to be full of errors; both believed that it was the right of the Church to be worthily ministered unto by an educated and faithful body of preachers, resident in the places where they served; that righteousness of life and a changed heart should be made the test of all church-membership, and those that lived ungodly lives ought to be cast out by church discipline from these companies of believers; that the service of the Church should be freed from all superstitious elements; and that it should be a true means of help and inspiration to those who were endeavoring to serve God. On only one point did they seemingly differ, their attitude to the mother Church of England. The Puritans believed that its purification should and would be accomplished by those remaining in the national Church; the Pilgrim Fathers believed it to be so corrupt that separation was the only means of preserving their souls from its contaminating influence. Their very names were significant of their conflicting attitudes.

Had both remained in the mother country this one

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difference of opinion might have kept them forever apart. But in this new continent to which they had come it became a matter of theory rather than of practical consequence. No bishop was at hand to form a church or ordain a minister. Believe as the Puritans might, they were compelled to act independently, and safety and the public welfare both demanded that they be in friendly relationship with that body of religious wanderers so like themselves.

Had the leaders of those first little companies, Endicott, Bradford or Fuller, been men who delighted to dwell on points of disagreement rather than those of harmony, the course of events might have been different. But Governor Endicott and Dr. Samuel Fuller proved themselves Christian gentlemen, perhaps we may say Christian heroes, in those talks together during that time of sickness.

The strain was almost over now. Tired and worn as the people of the little colony were, their hearts had become lighter, and their faces more and more prone to smiles as the days of the last week had gone by, and no new cases of sickness had developed. All of the sickest patients were now fairly started on the road to recovery, and Dr. Fuller felt that the day of return to his own village need no longer be postponed.

It was with a light step therefore that he hurried on to the little log cabin of Governor Endicott for a last happy chat and report of his labors.

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"Come in, and welcome, Dr. Fuller," exclaimed a hearty voice as the rough-hewn cabin door swung open, and the governor himself, who had seen from his study window the doctor's approach, grasped him heartily by both hands and led him within to a room where a little fire of small sticks crackled and blazed in a rudely constructed fireplace. "I hear that you are going to-morrow morning. Well, I am glad and sorry both. We shall all miss you, young and old."

Dr. Fuller smiled, one of his warm and radiant smiles, which had so often lighted up the bedsides of the sick and suffering. "It has been good for me to be here," he answered in a gentle voice. "You know as well as I how much it means for the colonies that we should be friends. The foes of the wilderness and of the world are all about us. God's soldiers must need join hands in their battles even though they belong to different regiments."

"You and I at least have clasped hands," returned John Endicott, reaching across from his high carved chair and resting his hand upon the arm of the doctor. "It shall not be because I fail to care, if I am not a friend of others in your little plantation as well. I have written a letter this afternoon to your governor, and if you will carry it with you to-morrow, I shall be greatly your debtor."

The governor arose and stepping across to the rude

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little table, which served him as desk, he picked up a folded sheet, sealed and directed to "The Governor of Plimouth Plantation."

"Our deepest gratitude goes with this," he added gravely as he placed the letter in the hands of Dr. Fuller. "Only you can guess how grateful we really are."

Dr. Fuller gazed before him into the fire, but his eyes, dimmed by emotion and seeing in vision the little colony on the bay, far away beyond the stretch of forests, did not see the glowing sparks which danced upward before him. The two men stood silent for a little, absorbed in thought, both of them striving with eager guesses to pierce that blind veil which hid the future from their sight. Theirs was the anxious solicitude of the mother who yearns to know the future which lies before the beloved child, and to be assured that all will be well.

They must have been far-sighted indeed, did they foresee the consequences of their friendly intercourse, but to us who look backward, the letter which Dr. Fuller carried on his homeward journey to Governor Bradford, is a document of the greatest interest. It was the spirit of friendship and regard, of open-mindedness and tolerance which pervaded it, which was to make possible the establishment of Congregationalism in New England.

This letter was as follows:

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“ Right worthy Sr :

“ It is a thing not usuall, that servants to one m^r. and of y^e same household should be strangers; I assure you I desire it not, nay, to speake more plainly, I cannot be so to you. Gods people are all marked with one and y^e same marke, and sealed with one and y^e same seale, and have for y^e maine, one & y^e same harte, guided by one & same spirite of truth; and wher this is, ther can be no discorde, nay, here must needs be sweete harmonie. And y^e same request (with you) I make unto y^e Lord, that we may, as Christian breethren, be united by a heavenly & unfained love; bending all our harts and forces in furthering a worke beyond our strength, with reverence & fear, fastening our eyse allways on him that only is able to directe and prosper all our ways. I acknowledge my selfe much bound to you for your kind love and care in sending M^r. Fuller among us, and rejoyce much y^t I am by him satisfied touching your judgments of y^e outward forme of Gods worshipe. It is, as farr as I can yet gather, no other then is warrented by y^e evidence of truth, and y^e same which I have proffessed and maintained ever since y^e Lord in mercie revealed him selfe unto me; being farr from y^e comone reporte that hath been spread of you touching that perticuler. But Gods children must not looke for less here below, and it is y^e great mercie of God, that he strengthens them to goe through with it. I shall not neede at this time to be tedious unto you, for, God

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willing, I purpose to see your face shortly. In y^e mean time, I humbly take my leave of you, comiting you to y^e Lords blessed protection, & rest,

“Your assured loving friend,

“JO: ENDECOTT.

“NAUMKEAK, May 11. An^o. 1629.”¹

The snow had gone from the hills when Dr. Fuller arrived in Plymouth one May day and the little town looked very good to him after his long absence. His heart was glad over the good report he was able to bring and warm with the new friendships he had made. He was a man who hesitated to believe ill of any, and had been known to plead for criminals in the Plymouth Court undeserving of such interest. Now with thoughts full of the good friends he had left behind and the joyous welcome home which was before him, Samuel Fuller entered the house of the governor to deliver his letter.

Let us leave him there in the rough log house—a rude habitation for a governor, but it sheltered a great man. It is our last glimpse of Plymouth. Dear little village, with the terrible ocean which it was so difficult to cross on the one side, and on the other a western land which it could scarcely even imagine! All alone it had been in a new world. But now there are neighbors at last to the north—Englishmen with aims and

¹ “The History of Plimouth Plantation,” pp. 315, 316.

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doctrine and religion like its own. The little street is not so lonely to-day as when we saw it first.

There are a few more houses and the grass is springing up in the dooryards. There are a few flowers here and there. Who is this who is just coming around the house corner, with that cluster of arbutus in her hand and a young woman at her side?—Alice Carpenter, the second wife of Governor Bradford, with the maiden Priscilla. A little boy comes running after her, his hand, too, full of flowers. That is Peregrine White.

Down the street we hear more gay voices,—doubtless little Samuel Fuller, Henry Samson and Samuel Eaton are among the number. Life is not all gloomy in the Pilgrim Colony. But we cannot linger. The bay is glistening in the sunlight, and our boat is waiting ready to bear us away in our search for another hero. Farewell Plymouth, cradle of our church's infancy.

Not in vain had she prepared a living model for those who were to follow her, and not in vain had Samuel Fuller taken his journey. In the summer of 1629 the Salem church was formed. The pastor and teacher were chosen by the congregation, as were also the elders and deacons, and were ordained by their own people, an event of the greatest significance. Not only was the independence of the local church thus maintained, but a beginning was made of that Congregational fellowship

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and mutual helpfulness of churches which has continued up to the present day. It is true that the Salem church still held itself to be a part of the mother Church, but separated as it was by miles of ocean, this distinction was practically of no moment, except as it saved the little church from interference by the home powers.

The story of the Dorchester church is a very similar one. Here, too, Dr. Fuller came to labor among the sick, setting forth at the same time his ideas of church polity. The similarity among all the early churches which swiftly followed is very marked. They were distinctly Congregational, in covenant, in religious membership, in form of worship, and in method of government. The great danger of the death of Congregationalism in infancy from sheer lack of numbers was past. At last it had a sure foothold in New England.

VIII

The Sermon which Helped to Mold the Commonwealth

IT was on a Thursday, the thirty-first of May, 1638, that the sermon was preached. The General Court of Hartford, Connecticut, was holding an adjourned session to consider a very important matter, nothing less indeed than the constitution of the colony, and the meeting-house was crowded, for on this day the eloquent and famous preacher, the leader of the colony, was to preach, or rather lecture, to the court.

The little colony of Connecticut was now two years old, and in April the General Court had met to form those fundamental laws of the Connecticut constitution which were finally formally adopted in the beginning of the following year. The winter preceding had been unusually severe and many cattle and some men had died because of its hardships, but even these calamities did not hinder the far-sighted leaders of the colony from the ambitious purpose to found a government of

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their own which should be according to their own ideals.

This was a greater aim than may appear at first thought. All the English colonies of what is now New England were considered as a matter of course to be subject to the English crown, with freedom to frame their own government only as it had been especially granted to them by royal charters. As a matter of fact, however, the rule of England was more a thing of theory than an actual reality. The distance was too great between the home land and the new world to admit of any royal control except in matters of great importance, and the new colonies were like boys sent to college in a far distant state, independent of the home rule in all every-day affairs, and to a very large extent their own masters.

Connecticut, however, had another besides the king who claimed rule over her,—the Massachusetts colony which she had only recently left and who still regarded her as subject to its control. When the Connecticut colonists had set out upon their journey from the old town of Cambridge, or Newtown as it was then called, to Hartford, eight commissioners were appointed by the Massachusetts colony to “govern the people at Connecticut.” But the same cause which rendered Massachusetts practically independent of England operated again to free Connecticut from her more powerful neighbor. The distance was too great for frequent

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communication, Connecticut must fight her own wars with the Indians, she alone must punish her criminals, and now thus early in her history did she assert that she alone would frame her own government.

She was the more eager to do this because of the different political opinions held in the colonies. Even before the separation of the two it is easy to trace the preference of the Newtown people for a democratic government. The Massachusetts colony was aristocratic. It counted many men of family and position among its members, and these held that the state should be governed by the few, the noblest and the wisest and the best to be sure, but still only a few, while the Newtown people were tending more and more toward a true democracy, the government of the people by the people, —by all the people.

Democracy had been hitherto a name of reproach, a thing to be avoided with fear, as a form of government which in all the world's history had never been established, a wild vision of unpractical dreamers. The germ idea had, however, long existed in the Separatist or Congregational churches. One great man had thought the idea through to its logical outcome in the political world. The opportunity was now before him to impress this ideal upon a body of legislators met together to frame the constitution of a new state. Would he succeed?

The old meeting-house, the gathering place for

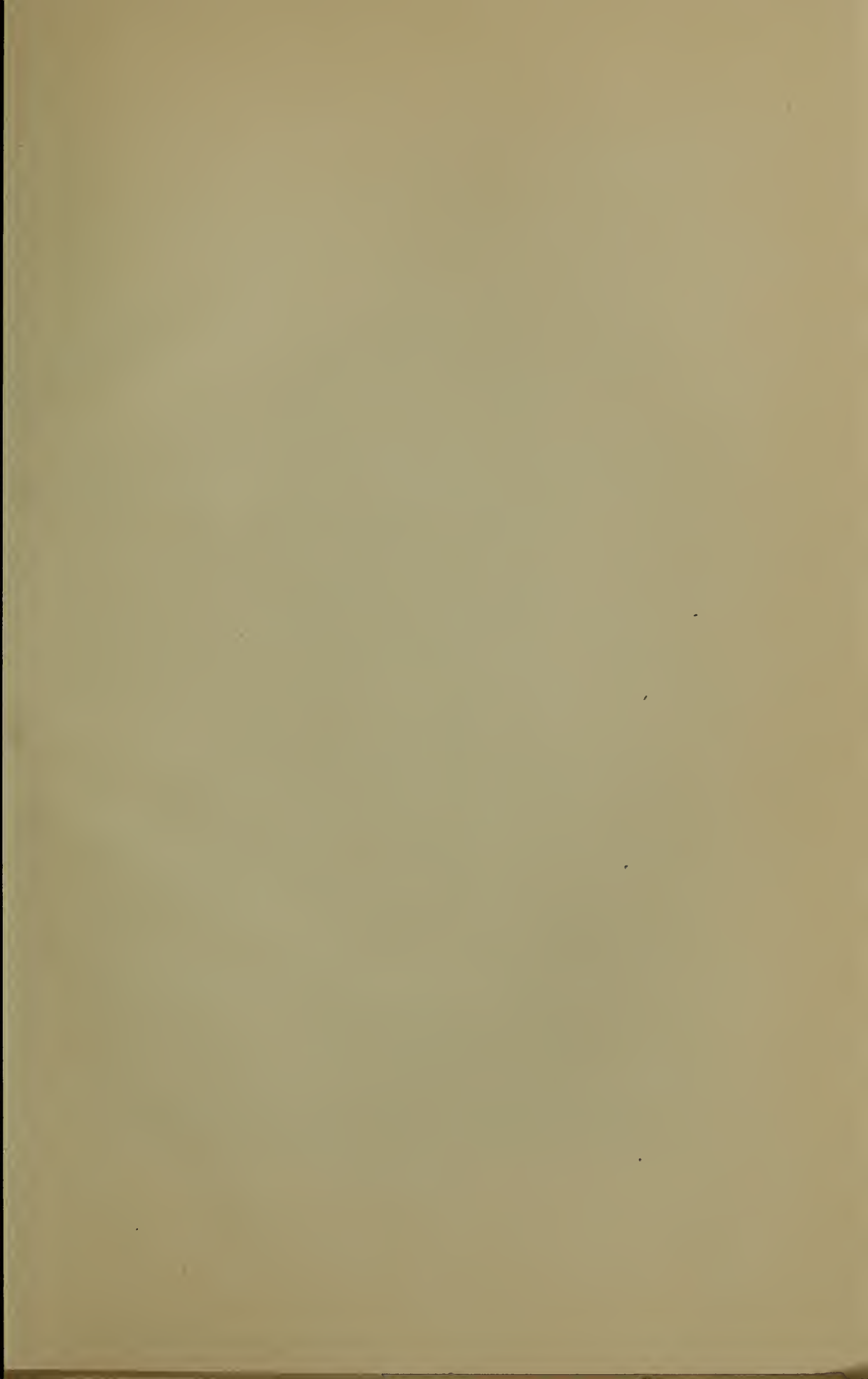
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politics and religion alike for ninety-nine years, stood in the midst of what is now the Old State House Square and on either side were the stocks and the whipping-post, the pillory and the jail. Perhaps an offender or two was even then on the stocks that lecture day as Pastor Thomas Hooker walked across the meeting-house yard to the place of worship. The new meeting-house was well filled as the reverend preacher went up the aisle to the bare pulpit, all arising to do him honor, according to custom.

In the front of the audience among a group of young men was one with an alert, eager look and keen attention which might well attract the notice of any preacher. As the service went on Thomas Hooker found himself more than once speaking to this young man, but little more than twenty, who with earnest, intent eyes followed his every argument and appeal, and now and then wrote painstakingly in a note-book as the wonderful sermon passed on from point to point, and from argument to argument.

It was a long lecture, and as we in these days are not good listeners, as our forefathers were, let us peep over the shoulder of young Wolcott as he sits there writing, and see what he has set down in his note-book. It is all in very careful order, so we shall learn all the main ideas:

“*Text*: Deut. 1:13. ‘Take you wise men, and understanding, and known among your tribes, and I will





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make them rulers over you.' Captains over thousands, and captains over hundreds—over fifties—over tens, &c.

"*Doctrine.* I. That the choice of public magistrates belongs unto the people by God's own allowance.

"II. The privilege of election, which belongs to the people, therefore must not be exercised according to their humors, but according to the blessed will and law of God.

"III. They who have the power to appoint officers and magistrates, it is in their power, also, to set the bounds and limitations of the power and place unto which they call them.

"*Reasons.* 1. Because the foundation of authority is laid, firstly, in the free consent of the people.

"2. Because, by a free choice, the hearts of the people will be more inclined to the love of the persons (chosen) and more ready to yield (obedience).

"3. Because of that duty and engagement of the people.

"*Uses.* The lesson taught is threefold:

"1st. There is matter of thankful acknowledgment, in the (appreciation) of God's faithfulness toward us, and the permission of these measures that God doth command and vouchsafe.

"2^{dly}. Of reproof—to dash the conceits of all those that shall oppose it.

"3^{dly}. Of exhortation—to persuade us, as God hath given us liberty, to *take* it.

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“And lastly—as God hath spared our lives, and given them in liberty, so to seek the guidance of God, and to choose *in* God and *for* God.”¹

It was a great sermon, and one which exercised a powerful influence without doubt upon the legislators assembled in the old meeting-house. When the congregation passed out that day Thomas Hooker had accomplished the great deed of his life. He had established in the minds of great men the political ideals which were to mold the coming commonwealth.

The principles which we have just seen jotted down in young Wolcott's note-book passed into the constitution of the Connecticut colony, and later into the great constitution of the United States. This constitution of Connecticut was the “first written Constitution known to history that created a government, and it marked the beginnings of American democracy, of which Thomas Hooker deserves more than any other man to be called the father.”²

Thomas Hooker was one of the greatest preachers of his age. He was born in Marfield, England, in 1586, and attained quite a little fame in his own country as a preacher before he was obliged to flee because of nonconformity in 1636. After living for a short

¹ Conn. His. Soc. Coll., i.20,21. as quoted in Walker's “Thomas Hooker,” p. 125.

² John Fiske's “Beginnings of New England,” p. 127, as quoted in Walker's “Thomas Hooker,” p. 128.

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time in Holland he came to America, where he joined the Massachusetts colony, and was pastor over the church of Newtown, afterwards Cambridge.

One of the probable reasons for the removal of this congregation to Connecticut has already been hinted at. At the time the desire for more land was given as the alleged reason for their departure, but in that newly settled country there was room enough for all, even near the flourishing colonial centers, and it seems likely that these freedom-loving men and women longed for a place where they might manage both their ecclesiastical and religious affairs as they themselves might choose, untrammelled by the somewhat aristocratic leaders of the Bay Colony. The removal to Hartford was made in 1636 and we have already seen what was one of the first results of this newly-founded liberty.

Thomas Hooker, the pastor of the Hartford church, was their leader in every way. The best description of him which remains to us is that which Cotton Mather wrote. He speaks of him as a man of wonderful ability, of quick and fervid disposition, but of great self-control. Through his printed sermons one can discover the orator, the man of power. With his homely, striking illustrations, his searching analyses of the very inmost emotions of the heart, and his sympathetic, single-minded emphasis upon the relation of man to his God, his sermons never failed to exert a marked and lasting influence upon the hearts of his hearers.

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His talents as an author were of no mean order, although his works for the most part consist of discourses not designed primarily for print. There is one exception only, the "Survey of the Summe of Church Discipline," which is a work with a history. It was written only because of the severe importunity of his friends, who wished Hooker to make a reply to what they considered a very erroneous book written by Prof. Samuel Rutherford entitled "The Due Right of Presbyteries," and was lost while on its way to England for publication. Hooker finally rewrote it, much against his own wishes, but the second manuscript was not wholly completed to the author's satisfaction, and so can hardly be regarded as a perfect illustration of what he might have accomplished as an author.

His greatest achievements were his sermons which, even in the printed page, do not wholly lose their force or interest although over two hundred years have passed since they were uttered.

The notes of the sermon before the council in Hartford, which have just been quoted on the preceding pages, have an interesting history. For over two centuries they lay unnoticed in a little manuscript book which at last came before the attention of Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull of Hartford. The little book, only about five inches long by four wide, was written in cipher and contained notes of sermons and lectures by four pastors, including Thomas Hooker and his associ-

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ate minister, Dr. Stone. The task of deciphering it was a very difficult one. The alphabet was identified, but the writer had made use of many arbitrary signs of his own which rendered the meaning much more obscure. The labors of Dr. Trumbull were fully rewarded, however, when the important sermon before the council was deciphered and he realized what it meant in the history of the Commonwealth. Prof. Alexander Johnston says of it:

“Here is the first practical assertion of the right of the people not only to choose but to limit the powers of their rulers, an assertion which lies at the foundation of the American system. There is no reference to ‘dread sovereign,’ no reservation of deference to any class, not even to the class to which the speaker himself belonged. Each individual was to exercise his rights ‘according to the blessed will and law of God,’ but he was to be responsible to God alone for his fulfillment of the obligation. The whole contains the germ of the idea of the Commonwealth, and it was developed by his hearers into the Constitution of 1639. It is on the banks of the Connecticut, under the mighty preaching of Thomas Hooker, and in the constitution to which he gave life, if not form, that we draw the first breath of that atmosphere which is now so familiar to us.”¹

¹ Connecticut, p. 72, as quoted by Walker in “Thomas Hooker,” pp. 127, 128.

IX

A Bible which Cannot be Read

THE first Bible ever printed in America is a sealed book to all living beings, with the exception of a very few scholars,—just how few we cannot tell. If the reader ever visits the libraries of Harvard or of Dartmouth College, he may see a copy of this old book, brown and worn with age, and look upon a page of the Scriptures translated into a tongue once spoken in New England, but now unheard upon the face of the earth. Its long, many-syllabled words appear almost unpronounceable; there is no likeness to Latin or French or any of the languages which may have come to wear a familiar aspect to us; it is a savage tongue, a reminder of a rough, wild people who have faded away like melting snow before the warm, full tide of an intruding civilization; and as we look at the long page of unintelligible polysyllables, we almost sigh as we imagine the weariness of the translator, and are tempted to exclaim, “Oh, what a pity that all this labor was so wasted!”

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Why should we call the man who made this useless translation a hero? He must have been a mistaken hero at best to have spent so much for naught. Nay, let us look at his endeavors.

It was the year 1631 when John Eliot arrived in Boston and the young pastor was twenty-eight years old. In his immediate vicinity lived Christian men and women, his brothers and sisters in faith and habits of life. They approved of the same customs, they held to the same beliefs, and the little villages about Boston Bay were very happy together in spite of their hardships. Those who differed from them had been left far behind across a mighty waste of ocean.

But every now and then, like ugly shapes in a happy dream, John Eliot saw dark men from the forests appear among them. None of them lingered long. They came and went, unknown men, uncomprehended men from the forest world, and gradually thoughts of them weighed upon him as he learned a little more of their numbers and their benighted condition.

On every side were wandering tribes, differing to some degree in language and natural disposition, but still very much alike in their degradation and their need. Far off to the west were the Mohawks, "six nations" of them, a savage, restless people. There to the southwest were the Narragansetts, to the northward the Wamesit tribes, and still nearer the Nipmucks. It

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was a wide field of spiritual desolation, but Eliot as he looked upon it thought that even there might be found some good soil for the Lord's planting.

The Puritan and Pilgrim forefathers, busy as they had been in founding and strengthening their feeble colonies, had not deemed it their duty thus far to turn scarcely any of their time or strength toward missionary labors, but the conscience of John Eliot did not allow him to rest thus satisfied. "Prayers and pains through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything," he wrote later at the close of one of his translations.¹

To a man with such convictions nothing was impossible, and before 1648 he had begun to study the Indian language with an Indian, probably one named Job Nesutan, who lived with him at one time in his home. We can imagine the difficulty of the process. He was to learn from a savage unaccustomed to teaching, simply through conversation, the vocabulary and construction of a language which had no similarity to any which he knew and which had no written books to guide him. He was to pursue this study through many years until at last he could come to recognize not merely what the language possessed but also in what it was lacking, and by coinage of new words for it, make it a fit medium for use in the literature which by translation he should create.

¹ Eliot's Indian Grammar, as quoted by Adams in his "Life of John Eliot," pp. 78, 79.

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John Eliot had not the leisure of a scholar. About a year after his arrival in America, he had accepted the pastorate of the Roxbury Church, which had followed him across the water. From that time on, sometimes with colleagues and sometimes without, he was a loving and faithful minister to the congregation under his charge. Many stories are told by Cotton Mather of his generosity, his devotion to spiritual aims, and his readiness to draw words of helpfulness and wisdom out of any circumstances wherein he was thrown.

"I was never with him but I got or might have got some good from him."¹ This is the statement which Cotton Mather says more than one friend made concerning him.

But although thus busied with the cares of an important parish, John Eliot began in 1646 his divinely-imposed task of preaching among the Indians of Nantuxet, now a part of Newton, and his field of labor continually widened until at the time of his death he was known among the Indians of widely remote parts and the limits of his influence among them it would be hard to define.

It is impossible here even to touch upon his work as a preacher and organizer among them. The fact that he is called "The Apostle to the Indians" is only faintly illustrative of his preeminence among our missionaries to the red race. It was a well-earned title,

¹ *Magnalia*, Vol. III, Part III, p. 583.

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and though Eliot protested against its use, it has become almost inseparable from his name.

His ability as an organizer and educator of the Indians is scarcely less remarkable than his wonderful power of reaching their hearts with the gospel message. He wisely recognized that education and some degree of material civilization and industry must be cultivated simultaneously with the spiritual life, and so, as soon as it became financially possible, the praying Indians, as they were called, were established in villages with a government of their own, and every possible incentive to industrious labor. In 1660 there were fourteen places of praying Indians. But however much Eliot surpassed his fellow missionaries in the success of his evangelical labors and however great the credit he deserved as being among the very first to enter this most difficult field of work, it is in his unparalleled work of creating an Indian literature that his unique fame rests.

From the year 1649 at least the plan of translating Bible selections for the Indians was evidently in his mind, for in a letter to Winslow he spoke of his desire "to translate some parts of the Scripture." Doubtless from that time on, as opportunity afforded he worked during any leisure moments with this great aim in view. How many nights, when wearied with the trying duties of his pastorate, or with his still more arduous journeys among the red men, did he doubtless sit at his study table laboring over the gigantic task which he had set

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before himself! Still more frequently, perhaps, did the early morning find him awake and busy, for he seldom indulged in many hours of sleep. From Eliot's counsel to young students we may draw a guess as to his own habits. "I pray you," he often said, "look to it that you be morning birds."¹

May we not imagine him on some of those summer mornings of long ago, seated beside his study window while the dawn had scarcely yet brightened into full daylight, ready to wrestle with the difficulties of his written pages? Here is a word for which there is no Indian equivalent—well, one must be invented, and Eliot chooses the English expression but remakes its ending after the Indian manner. Here is a complicated phrase—the Indian construction must be arranged with great care. Just what did the sacred writer mean by this text?—the conscientious translator must needs be a thorough scholar that he may not distort these holiest of pages. "I look at it," he exclaims, "as a sacred and holy work, to be regarded with much fear, care and reverence."² Let us peep over his shoulder at some of these long words: Noowomantammoonkanunonnash, "our loves," Kummogkodonattoottummooetiteaonganunnonash, "our question."³ Two of these are enough!

¹ *Convers Francis*, p. 320.

² *Ibid.*, p. 218.

³ *Magnalia*, Vol. III, Part III, p. 561.

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The morning light is growing brighter. The birds have finished their morning jubilee and now more homely sounds reach our ears—the crowing of the cock, the cackling of hens, the scraping of the barn door, and the tinkle of the cow-bells. Those are Mistress Eliot's newly bought cows, for she it is who cares for the material welfare of the pastor's home. Fortunate it is that she is a prudent and wise home-maker, for without her the devoted man of God would surely suffer many privations. Only yesterday, in all the pride of her fine stock of cattle, she drew him to the window and laughingly asked him whose cows they were that were being driven down the lane, but the good man could not tell. He had completely forgotten them.

John Eliot hears not the sound of the cow-bells now as they pass under his study window, nor does he notice the calls of Samuel and little Benjamin as they fly down the hall past the door. He is absorbed in meditation and as he sits there with face leaning upon his hands he sees not the morning light but the coming of a new and more glorious dawn. Over that savage world of night all about him he beholds in vision the breaking of the wonderful day of joy and knowledge, when it shall indeed be true that “the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.”

Would God but give him patience and strength to finish his work, and then,—when that task was complete would he send the money for its printing? No means

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are in sight for its publication, but with the trusting heart of faith John Eliot turns again from his moments of prayer and vision, and takes up his pen once more. God will provide the money for his work, and so John Eliot goes on with the translation.

The report of Eliot's extraordinary work among the Indians reached the mother country at length and was brought to the notice of several of the more prominent ministers about London, and through them to the attention of parliament. For two years much urgent business prevented the passing of any ordinance relating to this matter, but at last a corporation was instituted called "The President and Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England." Contributions for the carrying on of this work were solicited in the churches of England and Wales, and quite a considerable sum was collected, although not as much as had been expected.

With this money and that raised later by the society, salaries were paid to some of the missionary preachers, schools were established, tools and other things necessary for the beginnings of the Indian villages obtained, and the publication of Eliot's translation made possible.

The New Testament was published in September, 1661, at the expense of the society. The Indian title is as follows: "Wuskee Wuttestamentum Nul-Lordunum Jesus Christ Nuppoquohwussuaeneumun." King Charles the Second had only recently reascended the

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throne, and a dedication to him was inserted with the hope that he might thus be led to regard more favorably the newly formed society. Twenty copies of the New Testament were given away in England to the king and other persons of eminence.

The printing of the Old Testament was finished in 1663 after having been three years in progress. The Old and New Testaments were then bound up together and a translation of the Psalms in meter and a catechism were added. At last the work was finished! Can we imagine with what joy Eliot took in his hands for the first time the completed book—the very Word of God, which he himself had rendered luminous to the red men whom he loved?

It was not wholly new to them. Already he had made many portions of the Bible familiar to his converts by his preaching and teaching. The sound of many texts had become well known to their ears. But now they would be able to see them with their own eyes, and to discover new texts and new truths for themselves. The Bible could be now their constant comforter. Two hundred copies of this first edition of the New Testament were bound up in leather for their use.

This Bible was the first ever published in America and was printed with a press and types sent over from England by the society. Little did they imagine that in less than two hundred and fifty years it would be a sealed book to the people of New England. "It is a

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remarkable fact," says Convers Francis, "that the language of a version of the Scriptures made so late as in the latter half of the seventeenth century should now be entirely extinct."¹

A second edition of the Bible was put out in 1685 but it was the last. It is rather probable that the first edition contained fifteen hundred copies, and from some letters written by John Eliot it is known that two thousand were printed in the second edition. About thirty-five hundred Bibles then were used by the Indians and their teachers. That denotes probably about the actual usefulness of the translation, which in his visions John Eliot had imagined would be a saving power to the coming generations long centuries after he had passed away.

Only thirty-five hundred Bibles! Yet, that is not a number to be despised. And if we multiply it by the value of a soul, who can compute the possible good which so many copies of God's Word may accomplish? If only one soul was raised from the darkness of heathendom to the glory of the heavenly mansions, who could dare to say the labor was not worth while?

One of the chief benefits of the translation is of a sort of which Eliot, it is probable, little dreamed. In this day of philological interests it has come to be a priceless storehouse of information regarding the "un-

¹ Life of John Eliot, p. 234.

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written dialects of barbarous nations.”¹ An Indian grammar which was published by Eliot about 1668 is likewise of service to the science of language.

But these teachings concerning the language of savage men is not all the message its mysterious pages bear for the world to-day. Unintelligible as it is to us, it yet tells us that a great man was its translator—a man great in patience, great in love, great in hope, and great in faith. We should miss much were the name of Eliot to be blotted out from our colonial history. These memories of great men are not the airy, unsubstantial things we sometimes deem them. They are realities, “realities which though they are not seen, are eternal.” The influence of John Eliot will never cease. The flood of energy which he poured into his lifelong labors cannot be lost, but in ever widening, if ever lighter, waves, will reach unnumbered Americans yet to be born.

Suppose he had failed to obey the call of conscience, and others had been likewise selfish. If only worldly greed and selfish motives had actuated the early settlers of Massachusetts in all their dealings with the red men, if only tales of wars and of avarice had come down to us, with what different feelings must we have regarded the early history of our beloved New England! No call would come from them to us to bid us be noble in our dealings with the alien among us. The lack of their

¹ A quotation by Convers Francis, p. 238.

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stimulating example would have left us weaker in motive—how much weaker we scarcely realize.

None but those who have struggled up from an ignoble home can appreciate how much easier it is for those well-born of true and brave fathers to be true and brave and good. Because those men of long ago tried to deal righteously with the poor savage whom they found in the land before them, we must be unselfish and move with Godlike kindness among these less fortunate ones of many names and many races who are scattered everywhere, not only through New England but throughout the nation. Because John Eliot wrote his Indian Bible we, too, must set only heroic limits to our toil.

X

The Prophet of Inoculation

FAR at the uttermost ends of the earth the little provincial town of Boston was suffering in 1721 the horrors of smallpox. It was a terrible time. For what reason the Lord had sent this punishment upon his people nobody knew. Their faults must have been very great at any rate, so they thought, to merit such a penalty, for the scourge was a severe one. The learned doctors of the time scarcely knew how to take up the battle against it; and the devil must have rejoiced, indeed, if, as the people believed, he were present in very truth in that New England, the possession of which by the people of righteousness he was so strongly contesting by every power he could summon. Suffering and loathsome disease filled every house; funeral processions were frequent upon the streets; every one was praying that the plague might be stayed.

In the parsonage study of the North Church the

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minister sat quietly writing. From the window beside his desk he could look out into his little garden, now beautiful with all the fresh sweetness of the glad May month. The apple trees with their pink buds gave promise of the radiant beauty which they were soon to wear. Everything was fresh and full of promise. The very smell of the earth and of the slender little blades of grass was sweet. Only a day or two before Cotton Mather had written in his diary: "The Time of the year arrives for the glories of Nature to appear in my Garden. I will take my Walks there, on purpose to read the glories of my Saviour in them."¹

But now a flood of very different thoughts filled his heart, and the glow of a great hope. Only a little time previous he had read in some papers of the Royal Society of the great benefits which might result from inoculation. The learned pastor of the North Church had in early life been educated as a physician; the theory appealed to him as true; it was a time of sorest need in his beloved little town; inoculation had never before been tried in America, but Cotton Mather had faith to believe that it would succeed. Should he present his beliefs before the physicians of Boston, daring the ignorance and prejudice of the people? The devil, venturing in his extremity even into the learned doctor's study, whispered to him not to expose himself thus to the anger of the people. But his counsel was in vain. That day

¹ Life by Wendell, p. 275.

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Cotton Mather determined to present his views before the physicians of the town.

In these days of enlightenment and universal vaccination, it is hard to realize what a clamor the simple advice of Dr. Cotton Mather raised about his ears. Every one seemed to be against the new idea, and many were enraged with the learned parson who had dared come down from his books and his prayers to tell the physicians how to save them. The enmity which already existed against him in the hearts of not a few turned into curses and abuse, and good Dr. Cotton Mather was indeed in a sorry condition simply because he had tried to help those who were in such dire straits.

May was over, June and July were passed, and still the anger against him grew. "I must exceedingly Rejoice," he wrote, "in my Conformity to my Admirable Saviour: who was thus and worse Requited, when he . . . came to save their Souls."¹

At last in November the climax was reached. Cotton Mather had dared to inoculate his son Samuel, now a boy of fifteen and a student at Harvard, and both he and his sister Nancy had been very ill. They had finally recovered, however, and now in November a kinsman of Cotton Mather, pastor of the church in Roxbury, had come to his home to stay while recovering from his inoculation. The pest had begun to appear

¹ Life by Wendell, pp. 276, 277.

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in his own parish, and he was anxious to be made proof against its worst results that he might be able to go freely in and out among his people's homes.

It may be that Dr. Mather's parsonage was crowded at this time. At any rate, for some reason, Cotton Mather had given up his own sleeping-room to his relative during his illness. It was the night of the thirteenth of November, and all the members of the family had been for some time soundly sleeping. Slowly the old clock toiled on its never-ending journey toward the hour of three. All the little town of Boston was wrapt in silent darkness when there appeared before the windows of Dr. Mather's usual sleeping-room several stealthy forms. One of them carried something round and heavy in his hand. Whatever it was it appeared to be an object of great solicitude on the part of all, for they watched it with concentrated eagerness. At last in the dim light of that darkest hour just before the dawn the leader threw his heavy ball hastily toward the window above him. There was a sound of crashing glass, a clatter of hasty feet, and the mysterious party whoever they were had vanished before Cotton Mather's guest or any of the household could rub their sleepy eyes or bring a candle to discover what had happened.

When Cotton Mather at last appeared, tallow candle in hand, there on the floor of his bedroom lay the mysterious object—a heavy iron ball, charged on the

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upper part with powder, the lower part with oil of turpentine, and other combustibles. Why had these failed to ignite and blow the occupant of the room into eternity? Cotton Mather in his diary gives two answers, one from the divine, the other from the human viewpoint: "But, *this Night there stood by me the Angel of GOD, whose I am and whom I serve*; and the Merciful providence of my *SAVIOUR* so ordered it, that the Granado passing thro' the Window, had by the Iron in the middle of the Casement, such a Turn given to it, that in falling on the Floor, the fired wild-fire in the Fuse was violently shaken out upon the Floor, without firing the Granado."¹ Tied to the fuse was a note showing clearly the purpose of those dark forms and still more darkened minds who were gathered not long before inside the parsonage yard. Through such persecutions the saving truths of civilization often have been brought to the knowledge and the help of man! Whoever advocates one such truth regardless of his reputation or personal peril is a hero. It may be that he overestimated his own peril, but still it is with a thrill of admiration that we read what Cotton Mather wrote descriptive of his feelings at this time:

"I have been guilty of such a crime as this. I have communicated a never-failing method of preventing death and other grievous miseries, by a terrible distemper among my neighbors. Every day demonstrated

¹ Life by Wendell, pp. 279, 280.

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that if I had been hearkened unto many persons' lives (many hundreds) had been saved. The opposition to it has been carried on with senseless ignorance and raging wickedness. But the growing triumphs of truth over it threw a possessed people into a fury which will probably cost me my life. I have proofs that there are people who approved and applauded the action of Tuesday morning, and who give out words that, though the first blow miscarried, there will quickly come another, that shall do their business more effectually. Now, I am so far from any melancholy fear on this occasion, that I am filled with unutterable joy at the prospect of my approaching martyrdom. I know not what is the meaning of it. I find my mouth strangely stayed, my heart strangely cold, if I go to ask for a deliverance from it. But when I think on my suffering death for saving the lives of dying people, it even ravishes me with a joy unspeakable, and full of glory. I cannot help longing for the hour when it will be accomplished. I am even afraid almost of doing anything for my preservation. I have a crown before me, and I know by feeling, what I formerly knew only by reading, of the divine consolation with which the minds of martyrs have been sometimes irradiated. I had much rather die by such hands as now threaten my life than by a fever; and much rather die for my conformity to my blessed Jesus, in essays to save the lives of men from the destroyer, than for some truths, tho'

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precious ones, to which many martyrs testified formerly in the fires of Smithfield.”¹

Later in that same month Cotton Mather sent out to far-off districts his saving message of inoculation.

The preceding is but one little incident in the busy life of the famous Cotton Mather. He lived from 1663 to 1728, sixty-five years, and his life was not merely filled, it was crowded, with good and noble deeds. He was the grandson of John Cotton and Richard Mather, two eminent men in the early history of Congregationalism, and the son of Dr. Increase Mather, pastor of the North Church in Boston, for many years president of Harvard College, and a skilful diplomatist and ambassador upon matters of state to England. Cotton Mather was descended from men of power. All the learning available in New England at that time was his. When scarcely of age he came into a position of great influence and authority, in which he was able to utilize his most extraordinary faculties of memory, concentration, and intellectual grasp. His ancestry, his education, his natural talents, the lack of great competitors, all combined to render him a master of the situation in which he found himself.

That situation was an important one when viewed as the nursery of the New England which was to follow. In material wealth, in size, in its relation at the

¹ As quoted by A. P. Marvin in “Life and Times of Cotton Mather,” pp. 480, 481.

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time to the world at large it was insignificant. Boston was a mere provincial town, only a little colony in the remote corner of the world. A great man there might be but a very ordinary person in the centers of Europe.

This environment, this ancestry, while it helped to make him great, also placed certain limitations upon his thought and life. In these narrowing influences we may find the cause of many defects which have been criticized from the day of his death until the present time.

The most prominent of these, known to almost every one, is that which has to do with his conduct at the time of the Salem witchcraft. Cotton Mather, as the most prominent man of his community, has been the most conspicuous in the action which was taken at that time, until we almost forget that his opinion was the opinion of the many, and attribute to him more than his share of the responsibility for the awful mistakes which were then made. In these days when superstition has almost taken its flight it is hard to understand how such errors of judgment could have been possible, as when upon the evidence of people in a state of frenzy and possible insanity a minister of the gospel, a graduate of Harvard College and one who for twenty years had endeavored to lead people to righteousness, could have been condemned to death!

But that Cotton Mather was honest in his opinion, that he was acting upon the best light of his own con-

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science, it seems almost necessary to believe. His diary, written in the privacy of his study with personal reflections evidently intended for himself and God alone, bears witness to this. He believed that God had led his people to this new land to perform a work really planned and preordained by Him. They were indeed fighting the fight of the Lord on those grim shores of the new world. And as their work for God was very real, so were all the enemies which fought against them. Satan himself was contending on the other side, seeking to defeat their righteous aims. He had tried famine and bitter hardship, persecution by foes at home and terrible attacks by their Indian neighbors. Now he had taken up at last a deadlier, more supernatural and diabolical weapon through human agents who had submitted to him. He was bewitching men, a mysterious warfare which they knew not how to meet. It was not a time, so they thought, for hesitation or half-way measures. With fasting and prayers they sought to save the tormented creatures, but they did not shrink from putting to death those whom they believed to be Satan's agents.

Cotton Mather was honest in believing that this was advisable. To him the spirits and angels who surrounded him were as real as his own children whose hands he could touch. Did they not appear to him within his own study walls in visions which he could not describe? This material world was indeed about him

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for the moment, but it was the world of eternity in which he lived, of which he dreamed and for which he labored. This earthly life was not important when viewed in the glory which shone sometimes upon him from the spirit world to which he was hastening. It was but the school in which man was fitted for the great existence which awaited him.

And so, with all the unwavering will which he possessed, he hardly ever passed an hour without doing something which he believed would make either himself or some one else better. This is the secret of what is perhaps his most conspicuous trait—his phenomenal activity. He accomplished an almost incredible amount of work. Here is a sample quotation from his diary, illustrative of one day's labors. It was written in Latin, and I find it translated in Wendell's life of Cotton Mather as follows:

“Read Exodus, etc.: Prayed: Examined the children: read Descartes: read commentators, etc.: breakfasted: prepared sermon: took part in family prayer: heard pupils recite: read Salmon on medicine: dined: visited many friends: read various books: prepared sermon: heard pupils recite: meditated, etc.: prayed: supped: prepared sermon: took part in family prayer.”¹

With all this ceaseless striving and his wonderful powers, why did not Cotton Mather accomplish still

¹ Note p. 54, Wendell, “Cotton Mather.”

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more for the good of the race? Why is he but a dim figure, associated for the most part only with one's thoughts of witchcraft, calling up in the imagination only a picture of a bewigged scholar in some ancient, musty library, or an awesome preacher in his velvet pulpit proclaiming a stern creed and an intricate theology? Why was he not a living force, whose waves of energy might be felt in all our mighty, throbbing past and present?

Cotton Mather's life was largely a failure. Unlike his views upon inoculation, his thought ran for the most part behind rather than before that of his time. Perhaps we may find in this fact the cause of the sad failure of most of his work. Great men must lead, not follow, their own generation. Cotton Mather was the follower of his father, and his grandfathers; he upheld the old standards of Puritanism; he was too genuine a product of the old New England environment to understand clearly the problems of his own time or to find their solutions. He saw the ideals for which he had cared and labored most developing in a direction exactly the opposite of what he deemed right. The state, the church, Harvard College, all were failing to measure up to the ideal he had for them,—nay more, they were denying that ideal. And he in turn had failed them. The latter part of his life was a tragedy.

But did it indeed all count for nothing? No. It may be hard to sum up in words the exact heritage

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which Cotton Mather has handed down to us, but moral earnestness, devotion to duty, unwavering conscientiousness, tireless seeking after God, can never be without fruit. It is because of these heroic qualities in some of our misguided, solemn forefathers that we of to-day find it easier to be noble and true and earnest. We have a freedom of which they did not dream, opportunities which they only dimly conceived, luxuries and joys which they could scarcely imagine, but let us be in earnest in what we do, as they were in earnest. Truth is greater than pleasure; in duty conscientiously performed we find our greatest freedom. The visions of Cotton Mather are better than worldly wisdom. He with others helped to make New England a godly land.

XI

How David Brainerd Preached to the Red Men

ASCACOMBA was weary and the day was warm. It was August, and all that month the sun had shone out brightly over the forests and the rivers, the clouds had been few and the fields of corn were parched and yellow. Ascacomba had been very unhappy. Her little son, her only child, had died during one of the hot days, and her husband had been very angry with her, laying it all to Ascacomba's fault. He had been very glad to have a son, looking forward in his hopes to the day when he should become a brave and go with him to the hunt, but that was simply because of his pride. As a baby he had cared nothing for him. But Ascacomba cared. She had loved him passionately, with all the strength of her wild woman's heart, and his death had made her furious with grief.

For her there was no ray of light. She seemed to have descended into a darkness blacker than night. In

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her anguish she longed to do something wicked, to mock at everything good. To-day she had come twenty miles with her husband to the little Indian village of Crossweeksung in New Jersey. All the Indians of that vicinity had been assembling for weeks to hear the wonderful sermons of the white man, David Brainerd, and finally her husband, becoming interested in the stories of his neighbors, had decided to go too and had commanded her to accompany him.

Only just now she had seen the missionary. Her husband, Moxus, had stopped to call upon him in his little hut, and David Brainerd had invited them to the meeting which was to be held immediately in the rough chapel of the forest before the chief's wigwam. At his invitation all the bitterness in Ascacomba's soul had risen up in revolt and she had laughed and mocked at the very kindness of the good man. She was glad she had done so, and now she sat sullenly beside her husband on the rough board floor waiting for the sermon.

There was no anthem. The little birds on the leafy branches outside sang a hymn of praise as the green boughs swayed to and fro under the blue sky, and the murmur of the leaves in the summer breeze was all the accompaniment they had, but the incense of balsam and sweet-fern and all the sweet odors of the woods arose in the warm air, and God was well pleased to descend into the forest chapel to meet his Indian children.

David Brainerd's heart was full of joy as he came

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into the rude little church and saw the men and women awaiting him. About sixty-five had assembled from the surrounding country and the house could not contain them all, so some were clustered about the open door waiting to hear what the white stranger had to say.

David Brainerd climbed upon a rude platform and read a few verses from Luke:

“Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. . . .

“So that servant came, and shewed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.

“And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

“And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.”

The preacher was pale and thin and his face bore many traces of suffering. He was hardly the sort of hero one would have chosen to lead these brave, stalwart hunters of the New Jersey forests. What was there in that thin, emaciated form, or that scholarly, thoughtful face which held their attention? David



From a painting by W. F. Halsall.

The Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor

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Brainerd had only just returned from a visit to his Indian friends at the Forks of the Delaware. His clothing was worn almost to rags, and he bore evident marks of sickness and failing strength. For over two years now he had labored among the savages and the vigor of his youth had been spent, although he was only twenty-seven years of age. But if the bodily strength of that Indian missionary had waned, his spiritual power had grown in wondrous fashion, and as he preached to the little company before him, every form was motionless and attentive.

Ascacomba listened as silently as any of the others. "Could it be that she was invited to this great feast? She knew that she was not among those first invited, or even among those poor and halt and maimed. Would she be among the very last who were compelled to come in? Did this great Lord, the Chief of all the world, care that she, poor, wretched Ascacomba, should be made happy and glad again?"

When the white man at the close of his sermon proceeded to speak to some of the Indians individually, it seemed to her that she could bear it no longer. The power of the Highest seemed to descend upon the little congregation, and like a "rushing mighty wind" bore down all her opposition and swept away all her bitterness. It was as if a flood of great waters had broken over her and all the little company. Old men who had been drunkards for years were praying at her side.

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Women whom she knew to be abandoned to sin sobbed and moaned. There was old Nesutan who had beaten her son's wife daily, and never spoken a kind word to her for years, crying out in sorrow for her wicked heart.

Ascacomba had never even thought whether she had a soul before. Had she a soul, and had old Nesutan, just like the white man? Behind her a little boy only seven years old was telling David Brainerd the childish sins he had committed, and there in front of them all was old Oonamo, a leader among his people. He had always been supposed to be a great and good man, but here he, too, was desiring to be better, and lamenting his wickedness just like old Nesutan. None of them seemed to take any notice of those about them but sobbed and prayed as they would have done had they been alone in the forest.

The flood in Ascacomba's heart was mounting higher and higher. She felt that she could not much longer beat down this sorrow for her selfishness. If she could but scoff a little to Moxus! "Aha," she cried, "they are cowards!"

But just then Moxus leaned toward her. "Little Ascacomba," he said, "I have been bad to you and to the little son. My heart, too, is heavy."

Ascacomba could withstand no more. The flood overwhelmed her, and she flung herself weeping upon the floor.

For many hours she lay there. She could neither

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go nor stand, but lay sobbing and crying out, Guttum-maukalummeh wechaumeh kmeleh Ndah,—“Have mercy on me, and help me to give you my heart.”

Darkness came down upon the forest, the little birds had sung their evening praises, and the trees were very still, for the breeze had died away. The little stars were just peeping out behind the white clouds above when Ascacomba arose. The bitterness and the sin were all washed away and a great peace filled her heart.

David Brainerd has written something about this day in the report which he made to the missionary organization which sent him out. The report is entitled “The Rise and Progress of a remarkable Work of Grace Amongst a number of the Indians, in the Provinces of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; Justly represented in a *Journal* kept by order of the Honorable Society (in Scotland) for Propagating Christian Knowledge; with some General Remarks;

BY DAVID BRAINERD,

Minister of the Gospel, and Missionary from the said Society: Published by the Reverend and worthy Correspondents of the said Society; with a Preface by them.”¹

It is a remarkable and interesting story. David

¹ Quoted from “Life of David Brainerd” in Jonathan Edwards’ “Works,” 1835, Vol. II, p. 387.

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Brainerd was one of the first home missionaries of the new world, and he met with marvelous success. As seen in the title above he was sent out by a society in Scotland, through their correspondents in New York. It was probably not a matter of great expense, as the cost of his living among the Indians must have been very slight, and David Brainerd had more personal property than he himself needed after he entered upon this work, but the results of this small beginning of missionary enterprise in America were very great. Not only did David Brainerd transform the settlements among which he labored, but his life, as handed down to us by President Edwards, has been of inspiration to hundreds entering upon the work of the ministry.

In the beginning his labors seemed to bring forth but slight results. It was a long time before he was sure that any of those to whom he preached had really become true Christians. The first converts whom he baptized were his interpreter, Moses Tinda Tautamy, and his wife. This man was afterwards of great assistance to him, often continuing to speak to the Indians after David Brainerd had finished his sermon, and through his sympathy and interest in the work of saving souls, he was able to interpret to the Indians more effectively than another could have done.

Together they passed through many difficulties which would have daunted a soul less set on doing the will of God than was Brainerd. At one time on a

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journey to Susquehanna they endured great hardships.

“After having lodged one night in the open woods, he was overtaken with a northeasterly storm, in which he was almost ready to perish. Having no manner of shelter, and not being able to make a fire in so great a rain, he could have no comfort if he stopt; therefore he determined to go forward in hopes of meeting with some shelter, without which he thought it impossible to live the night through; but their horses—happening to have eat poison (for want of other food) at a place where they lodged the night before—were so sick that they could neither ride nor lead them, but were obliged to drive them and travel on foot; until, through the mercy of God, just at dusk they came to a bark-hut, where they lodged that night. After he came to Susquehannah, he travelled about a hundred miles on the river, and visited many towns and settlements of the Indians; saw some of seven or eight distinct tribes; and preached to different nations by different interpreters.”¹

This was shortly before he arrived at Crossweeksung where he met with such great successes. Crossweeksung is situated in New Jersey, not far from the Forks of the Delaware. The Indians at Kaunaumeek, where Brainerd had formerly labored, had decided to move to Stockbridge where there was a pastor, and so it had seemed best to Brainerd to go still farther away

¹ Jonathan Edwards' "Works," 1835, Vol. II, p. 358.

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from his home and civilization to these Indians in New Jersey, although the prospect of great success there seemed very slight. The Indians at Crossweeksung were scattered over a wide territory, and when he first arrived at his new field he found only seven or eight women and children to whom to preach. These, however, were so affected by his words that some of them traveled ten or fifteen miles the following day to gather their relatives and friends, and before long a respectable little company had assembled to attend the meetings which Brainerd held among them. Their interest and attention were in marked contrast to what he had found in other places, and it was to his regret that he was obliged partly on account of his health and partly from duty to his other Indians, to return to the Forks of the Delaware, which he had first visited.

As soon as possible, however, he came back to the Indians at Crossweeksung and they assembled as they had done before and lived together as long as he remained. At this time began that wonderful series of meetings, one of which we have just endeavored to describe.

It was a season of wonderful spiritual power. Those who before had led lives of wickedness and drunkenness, worshiping their heathen gods in wild dances and feasts, now lived Christian lives of great beauty, showing that they had indeed been transformed by the Spirit of God. David Brainerd mentions vari-

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ous evidences of Christian character which might be observed in them, their temperance, their honesty and justice, their decent living and their love of one another. At last the little Indian parish moved to a new location at Cranberry, intending there to form a little village, and here they built a new home for their beloved preacher. But the failing health of Brainerd did not permit him long to occupy it. In 1746 when he was only twenty-eight he returned East for a visit to his friends and there proved so feeble that it was impossible for him to go back.

Consumption had already nearly completed its conquest over David Brainerd. He had always had a frail constitution, and the hardships and trials he had endured in the wilderness would have been difficult for even the most robust men to withstand. It was too late now for him to do anything except arrange and correct the records of his short life, which were to be left as a priceless legacy to the world. The last months of his life were spent at the home of Jonathan Edwards, where he was lovingly nursed and where he died on the ninth of October, 1747.

A large part of his diary, especially that which covered his earlier life, he destroyed, but still there is left us the record of a great soul, with the story not only of his deeds, but also of his temptations, his spiritual struggles, his hopes and his victories. It is the history of a soul's climb toward God. This journal Jonathan

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Edwards prepared for publication, filling in the breaks with his own narrative of Brainerd's life, and not hesitating to add reflections of his own or words of appreciation. It is entitled "Brainerd's Life and Diary," and is a great book not only because of its subject and its author, but because of the influence it has had upon hundreds of people. It is one of the classics of Congregational literature.

Why did David Brainerd accomplish such marvelous results? At the first glance he seems in some ways unfitted for such a work. He was a man, as we have already said, of frail constitution, badly equipped for the battle with the wilderness. Why was not some athletic, iron-bodied captain of the Lord called in his place?

By temperament, also, he seemed unsuited to meet alone the discouragements and long-continued failures through which he had to pass. He did not have a sanguine nature, but was melancholy and despondent, having hard battles sometimes with his gloomy thoughts and downcast moods. Was this the man to be sent away from home and all the joys of life to a solitary cabin among the savages?

It even seems to us of this later day as if some of his theology might have been a hindrance. The theological system which held that a soul must be willing even to be damned, if pleasing to God, before it could hope to be saved, and whose complete exposition re-

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quired such brain-rending treatises as those of Edwards, seems to us hardly suitable for the simple minds of the red men.

But all these obstacles, if obstacles they were indeed, were more than outweighed by the gifts which David Brainerd brought to his ministry. The dedication of himself to the service of God was complete. Like Paul he could say, "This one thing I do." "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through," he says, "so that I could but gain souls to Christ." Home, friends, comforts, important pastorates, positions of honor—he turned his back upon them all, that he might win souls in the wilderness where he believed God had called him.

Love for God filled his whole life. The holiness of the Divine Father, his kindness, his greatness, were themes upon which he never tired of meditating. In the very beginning of his conversion, he had a remarkable experience. As he was walking alone in the thick woods one day endeavoring to pray, and feeling very sad and disconsolate because of his sinful condition, he says, "*Unspeakable glory* seemed to open to the view and apprehension of my soul. I do not mean any *external* brightness, for I saw no such thing; nor do I intend any imagination of a body of light, somewhere in the third heavens, or anything of that nature; but it was a new inward apprehension or view that I had of *God*, such as I never had before, nor any thing which had the

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least resemblance of it. I stood still, wondered, and admired! I knew that I never had seen before any thing comparable to it for excellency and beauty; it was widely different from all the conceptions that ever I had of God, or things divine. I had no particular apprehension of any one person in the Trinity, either the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost; but it appeared to be *divine glory*. My soul *rejoiced with joy unspeakable, to see* such a God, such a glorious Divine Being; and I was inwardly pleased and satisfied that he should be *God over all* for ever and ever. My soul was so captivated and delighted with the excellency, loveliness, greatness, and other perfections of God, that I was even swallowed up in him; at least to that degree, that I had no thought (as I remember) at *first*, about my own salvation, and scarce reflected there was such a creature as myself. Thus God, I trust, brought me to a hearty disposition to *exalt him*, and set him on the throne, and principally and ultimately to aim at his honour and glory, as King of the universe.”¹

In this “disposition” I believe we have the secret of David Brainerd’s power. The memory of that glorious vision never faded, but in the radiance of his loving adoration of the Most High he lived his life simply and nobly among the great forests.

He himself attributed the work of grace among

¹ Jonathan Edwards’ “Life of David Brainerd,” included in his “Works,” 1835, Vol. II, p. 319.

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the Indians wholly to the power of God. "God," he says, "is powerfully at work among them! . . . I never saw the work of God appear so independent of means as at this time. I discoursed to the people, and spoke what, I suppose, had a proper tendency to promote convictions; but God's *manner* of working upon them appeared so entirely *supernatural*, and *above* means, that I could scarce believe he used me as an *instrument*, or what I spake as *means* of carrying on his work. . . . God appeared to work entirely alone, and I saw no room to attribute any part of this work to any created arm." ¹

It would be difficult satisfactorily to explain Brainerd's work from a merely human standpoint. His own explanation is the true one. He was an obedient and ready instrument in the hand of God for the accomplishment of his work. He was so completely emptied of human ambitions and selfish motives that his character appears scarcely human; it is too transparently pure to be pictured in words, for through his crystal soul we can almost catch glimpses of the divine glory which he reflected. Through the record of his saintly life we learn more concerning the wondrous dealings of God in the affairs of men, and by his example, we, too, are led to seek after that holiness of which he dreamed.

¹ Jonathan Edwards' "Life of David Brainerd," included in his "Works," 1835, Vol. II, pp. 393, 394.

XII

The Second Mayflower

ON the seventh of April, 1788, there appeared before a small fort on the shore of the Ohio River, a little barge loaded with pioneers. Its journey had not been a very long one. Only a week before it had left its building-place on the Youghioghenny River, and with its walls made bullet-proof by a lining of mattresses and blankets, had floated slowly down the river in the spring sunshine, laden with hope and promise. A smaller craft designed for use as a ferry-boat, with three rough log canoes of various sizes accompanied it—all of them the work of somewhat unskilled builders—but the largest of the fleet bore upon its side the name of the Mayflower, in memory of that ship which long before had performed so much more arduous a journey as it carried a similar body of Pilgrims to their pioneer homes upon the shores of a strange land.

Far happier, however, was the lot of this new com-

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pany of Pilgrims who had left their homes to found a new colony within the lately formed commonwealth. No ocean separated them from those they had left behind, and although the roads had been long and the journey hard, only a few miles actually lay between them and the safety and comfort of civilized communities. The strong arm of the government had already preceded them and by its little forts made their coming comparatively safe. Steady and frequent additions of friends and wealth to their infant colony were to be expected. They had found a land of wonderful fertility and possible resources, greatly in contrast to the bleak shores of Plymouth Bay, and their joyous arrival was made in the spring month of April, when everything foretold the awakening of the new life of summer, instead of in those dreary November days which prelude the long, cold winter. Joyously they saluted the flag, which waved from the summit of Fort Harmar, and set foot upon that new territory which they were to transform into a civilized and religious land.

They were mostly men of New England, men of stalwart build and fair education, well fitted for the battle with the wilderness and the Indian tribes which roamed about that region. Among the many who came in those first few companies were a large number of Revolutionary veterans, men who had done faithful duty in the late war, and whom a poverty-stricken country sought to reward thus by giving them lands instead

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of money—a place where they might build homes in that large, unsettled northwest territory which had only lately come into the hands of the young republic. They were men well used to hardships, and not likely to be afraid of the possible attacks of Indians after having successfully driven away the strength of England's army. Good men and well fitted for the task before them!

What kind of a land was it which met their gaze when they first stepped upon its borders from their little boat, the *Mayflower*?

It was just at the point where the Muskingum flows into the Ohio River, and upon the lower peninsula thus formed the fort had been built. The point just opposite across the river was the location selected by the leaders of the enterprise for the beginnings of a city. It was a high and fertile spot, beautifully situated, rich of soil, and covered with interesting memorials of a bygone age.

Here in some of the unknown years of history other people had also chosen to live and labor. There upon the site of the new colony were strange mounds and earthworks upon which grew great trees, testifying to the certain antiquity of those heaps of earth beneath their roots. Strange it was that in this country which had been regarded as a wilderness, in the heart of a new land, where an infant government had but just approved the founding of a colony by its pioneer sol-

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diers, should be found the ancient works of a people whose very existence had been unknown in the pages of history!

What was the object of these great mounds? Were they for defense or were they places of worship, and who were the men who first built them? Over these questions the colonists might speculate as they pleased while they felled the trees and labored at the building of the first rude huts. But no one ever solved the problem, and the mound-builders remained as much a mystery as ever.

The summer which followed the coming of this second Mayflower was filled with extremes of heat and cold, of dry and wet weather. At one time there was a pest of gnats. Great rains filled the mountain streams to overflowing, and the Ohio and the Muskingum were swollen with the sudden torrents of water which poured into them. The settlers, busy with cutting trees and hauling their lumber over the newly cleared lands, were parched by the extreme heat, and then chilled by the cold days which followed.

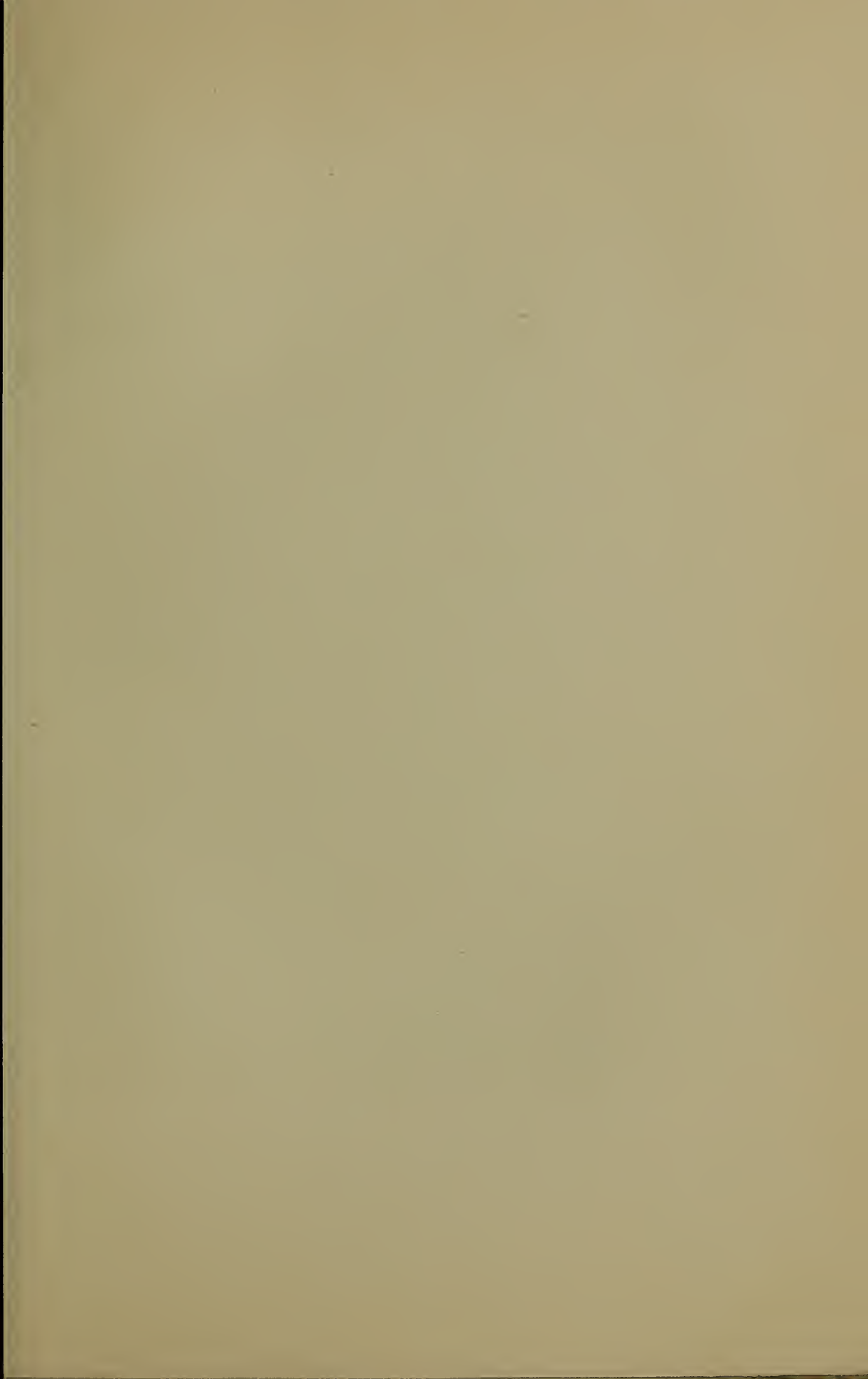
But through all the extremes of this new climate they labored busily on, building huts, clearing the space for the streets of a town, for its fortifications, and for its harvest land. So large a cornfield was planted that some who came in the latter part of the summer viewed it with wonder and were in great danger of being lost if they ventured too far into its green aisles.

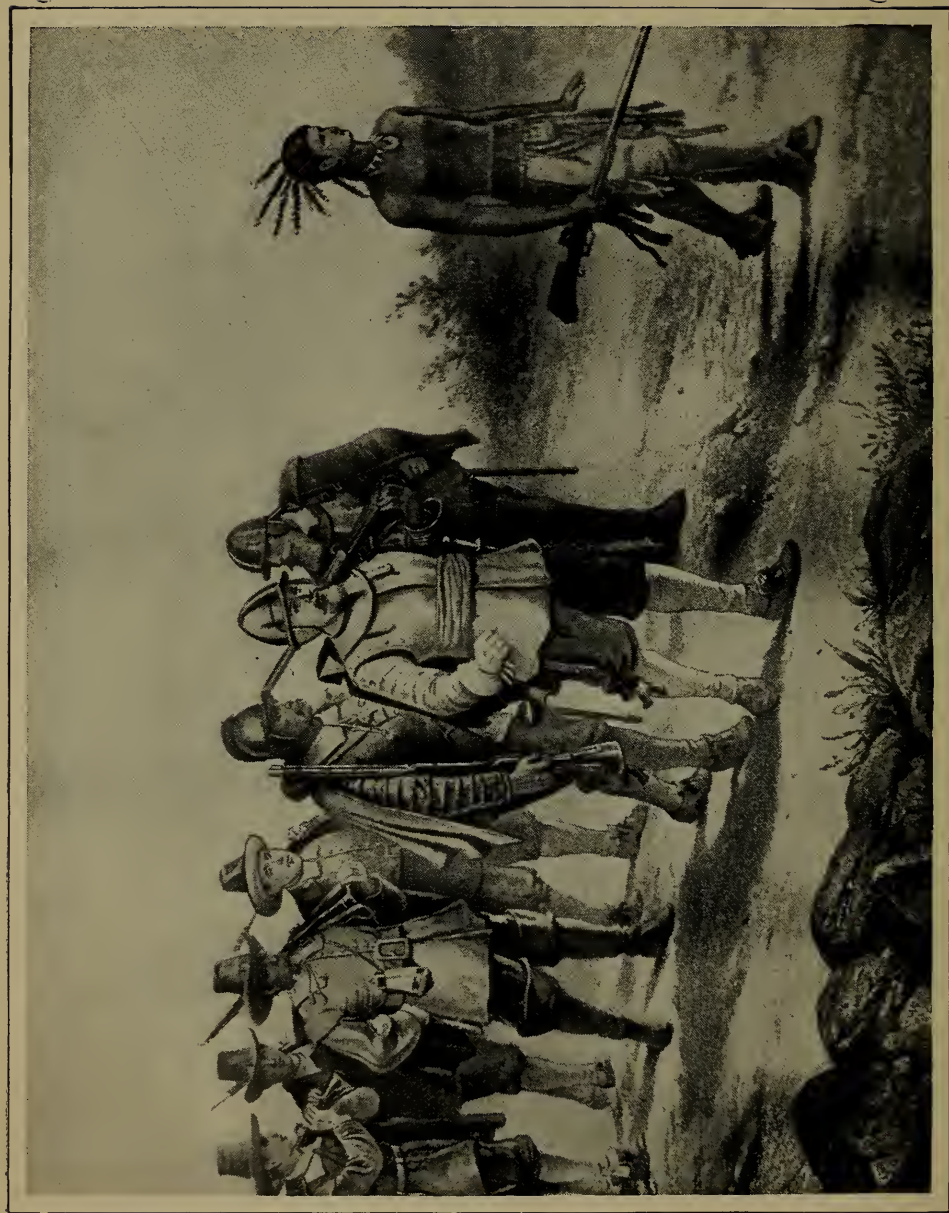
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The varying weather proved favorable to the growth of the crops, and the seed which the colonists had planted brought forth its harvest with amazing rapidity.

With the luxuriant crops and the great variety of game which the country afforded there was no lack of food, and abundant meals were spread in every cabin. Bear meat, buffalo, deer and wild turkey, geese and ducks were plentiful, while carp, sturgeon and perch were found in great numbers in the rivers. There was not lacking also a certain old-time courtesy and formal social life among the leading members of this newly born colony. Arthur St. Clair, who came as its governor in July, was carefully spoken of as "His Excellency," and "genteel dinners" were served at his home to large numbers of guests. There was much friendly intercourse between the officers of Fort Harmar and the leaders of the rough little town on the opposite bank, and the visiting friends passed back and forth in a barge covered by an awning, and rowed by twelve soldiers, well trained in that service.

It was the time of a somewhat ridiculous revival of interest in the classics, when long names from the Greek and Latin were very much in favor and were used at every possible opportunity. Thus we find the newly built town boasting a Via Sacra, and also a Campus Martius, which was in reality nothing but a rude stockade enclosing a large public hall and other buildings,





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Miles Standish and His Soldiers

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where the settlers might come for defense in time of attack by the Indians. The settlement itself was for a season called Adelpia, but later the name of Marietta was decided upon in memory of Marie Antoinette, whose country had done so much to aid the united colonists in the Revolution which had just been concluded.

It would be difficult to find another colony whose task of subduing the frontier was entered upon so easily and under such favorable conditions. It is true that the danger of Indian warfare was always present and deterred many who would otherwise have joined the new colony; but still the compact character of the settlement, the close neighborhood of the fort, and the knowledge that the new enterprise was undertaken with the sanction and promised protection of the federal government did much to minimize this danger, which so many pioneers faced alone with their muskets in less favorable parts of the new country.

But greater than any of the other blessings granted to this first Ohio colony, was that of a definite and far-sighted policy of government. The document which summed up the present and future policy of Congress for these territories and states which were to be is known as the Northwest Ordinance and is deservedly famous in our history.

"It is not too much to claim," says one author, "that the Ordinance of 1787 was the birth of Ameri-

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can Nationalism.”¹ “Next to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, no early event in American history is more significant or far-reaching in its influence than the famous Ordinance of 1787. The Declaration severed connection with the Mother Country. The Constitution laid the basis of a new confederation. The Ordinance was the beginning of government under the Territorial system. It applied specifically to the ‘Territory Northwest of the Ohio River,’ including the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.”²

Under this ordinance a new ideal of colonization before unknown in the history of the world, as President Roosevelt has pointed out in his “Winning of the West,”³ was brought into concrete form. Hitherto all colonists had been either independent of, or subject to, the maternal government. The colonies of Phenicia and Greece are examples of the former class; those of Rome, Spain and Russia of the latter. In the first case the freedom of the colonists was secured, but the central government remained weak; in the second a strong empire was secured at the expense of the independence of a large number of subjects. But here for the first time under the Ordinance of 1787 provision was made for a colony which was to be forever united

¹ J. B. Clark, “Leavening the Nation,” p. 48.

² Ibid., p. 47.

³ Vol. V, pp. 37-40.

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with the central government, adding to the strength of the whole while existing in perfect equality with all its other parts.

In this new colony provision was made in advance for the support of education and religion. The right of trial by jury was assured for every criminal. Freedom of worship and religious belief was guaranteed to all. The issue of paper money was prohibited. Proportional legislation was made sure, and it was promised that when any of the new territories, to be formed, to the number of three, four, or five, out of this great Northwest, should contain sixty thousand inhabitants, it should be made a state with the full rights of representation which its sister states had already acquired.

The most important clause of all, however, was that which forever prohibited the holding of slaves within its borders. Thus was struck the greatest blow ever given to slavery until the signing of the emancipation proclamation by Lincoln in 1863. Without this great prohibition in our early history, the winning of the great victory for freedom later would have been rendered immeasurably more difficult.

While many men were concerned in the drafting and adoption of this famous Ordinance of 1787, a very large share of the honor is due to Manasseh Cutler, a minister of Ipswich, Massachusetts, who is supposed to have written it in outline, following somewhat a previous copy which had been made by Jefferson. As the

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agent and representative of the Ohio Company of Associates, he had much to do with hastening its final adoption, as well as with the actual purchase of lands by the association of colonists and the practical carrying out of the enterprise.

Manasseh Cutler was a man of very varied talents and interests. He was by no means entirely absorbed in his work as a pastor and preacher, but was also active at different times in his life as a storekeeper, a lawyer, a physician, a pioneer, a statesman, a judge and an author of various scientific treatises on astronomical, medical and botanical subjects. He was a man of practical affairs, and nowhere was this more plainly shown than in his difficult work of pressing the passage of the Northwest Ordinance. However strong may have been his personal reasons for desiring its adoption by Congress, great credit is due him for his remarkable comprehension of what were its most important features both for the colony and the nation, for the diplomacy and skill which he showed in reconciling the opposing factions of a divided body of legislators, and for the practical way in which he carried out the actual purchase of lands and the starting of the enterprise.

The story of this important work reads very differently from that of many of the heroes of whose lives we have caught glimpses. While some have been called to labor in the wilderness, as did Brainerd and Eliot, Manasseh Cutler's great task was performed

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amid far different surroundings. Let us take a glimpse of him the first evening after his arrival in Philadelphia on his way to New York as the agent of the Ohio company. In the pages of his journal he thus describes the tavern where he stayed:

"It is kept in an elegant style, and consists of a large pile of buildings, with many spacious halls, and numerous small apartments, appropriated for lodging rooms. As soon as I had inquired of the barkeeper, when I arrived last evening, if I could be furnished with lodgings, a livery servant was ordered immediately to attend me, who received my baggage from the hostler, and conducted me to the apartment assigned by the barkeeper, which was a rather small but very handsome chamber, furnished with a rich field bed, bureau, table with drawers, a large looking-glass, neat chairs, and other furniture. . . . The servant that attended me was a young, sprightly, well-built black fellow, neatly dressed—blue coat, sleeves and cape red, and buff waistcoat and breeches, the bosom of his shirt ruffled, and hair powdered. After he had brought up my baggage and properly deposited it in the chamber, he brought two of the latest London magazines and laid on the table. I ordered him to call a barber, furnish me with a bowl of water for washing, and to have tea on the table by the time I was dressed."¹

¹ "Life of Rev. Manasseh Cutler," by his grandchildren, Vol. I, p. 253.

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Mr. Cutler was an interested observer of the fashionable life of the times. Thus he speaks of the breakfast hour: "I was surprised to find how early ladies in Philadelphia can rise in the morning, and to see them at breakfast at half after five, when in Boston they can hardly see a breakfast table at nine without falling into hysterics. I observed to Mrs. Gerry that it seemed to be an early hour for ladies to breakfast. She said she always rose early and found it conducive to her health." ¹

On the introduction of some young ladies to one of his acquaintances he is amazed at the immediate ease and sociability of the conversation:

"What advantages are derived from a finished education and the best of company!" he exclaims. "How does it banish that awkward stiffness, so common when strangers meet in company! How does it engage the most perfect strangers in all the freedom of an easy and pleasing sociability, common only to the most intimate friends!" ²

He is amazed to have Dr. Benjamin Franklin, whom he had expected to find surrounded with all the pomp and ceremony common to many great men of the day, welcome him instead with the greatest cordiality and simplicity of manner. "But how were my ideas changed, when I saw a short, fat, trunched old

¹ "Life," Vol. I, p. 255.

² Ibid., p. 267.

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man, in a plain Quaker dress, bald pate, and short white locks, sitting without his hat under the tree.”¹

Visits were paid by Mr. Cutler to many important public buildings during his journey, and like the true lover of knowledge that he was, he examined with interest collections of paintings, ores, minerals, animals, plants, medical apparatus and paintings, skeletons and anatomies, mechanical instruments and machines, historical trophies, fossils and books. All these opportunities for acquiring information are mentioned by him in his journal with the greatest interest and enthusiasm.

After his arrival in New York City, where Congress was then assembled, his journal becomes full of the story of his great undertaking and such social events as are mentioned are not fully described, although it is plain that he lived and fared in no mean manner.

The Northwest Ordinance had to do with that vast tract of territory lying northwest of the Ohio River, which included the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. All this vast region had been included in the claims of seven of the different states — Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Virginia, Georgia, and North and South Carolina. Much diplomacy and bargaining had been necessary before the last of these claims was finally conceded to

¹ “Life,” Vol. I, pp. 267, 268.

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the federal government, so that it was only a short time before this date that Congress had been set free to act as owner of this great region.

The vast territory was regarded as a treasure-house by the poverty-stricken government, and it was eager to proceed to the sale of lands, but first there must be outlined some system by which these new settlements were to be governed. A number of ordinances were proposed, but never used, and one of these, drafted by Jefferson in 1784, contained the important prohibition of slavery after the year 1800. But this prohibition was a difficult one to procure at that time, and Congress could not be brought to unite in passing any such measure.

At last, however, a new company of possible settlers and purchasers of the lands appeared. It had been impossible for Congress to pay the debts which it owed to the soldiers of the late Revolution. These men, worn out by the war, had been compelled to return, many of them with their little fortunes wholly gone, to the places where their homes had been, only to find the conditions which they had left entirely changed, and they themselves forced to face all the hardships of poverty, without any ready way of securing an income. It was proposed that Congress should discharge its heavy obligations to these men by giving them instead of money some of the new lands which it had secured. Other colonists from New England stood

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ready to join them by extensive purchases, and thus a large settlement in compact form might be made in the new region by men preeminently fitted for such an undertaking.

But one thing they insisted must be settled first, and that was the future government of their colony. They would not go out to face the dangers and hardships of founding a new home for themselves and their children in the wilderness until they were assured that they were to have a government similar to that which they were leaving behind and free from the curse of slavery.

Thus Manasseh Cutler, as one of the organizers and the representative of this Ohio company, held strong incentives for the careful framing and immediate passage of this important document, and when he reached New York he proceeded to throw all his powers into the successful accomplishment of his mission. Much of the substance of this ordinance, including the prohibition of slavery, had been already proposed in the former drafts by various men, but the final form was somewhat changed, and with this last outline Manasseh Cutler had much to do. He found a few men strongly opposed to his aims, and long and strenuous exertions were made to bring them over to his opinions. So hopeless did the matter seem that on a Friday morning, nine days after his arrival in the city, he was on the point of abandoning the task for the time being,

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and told his friends that unless his terms were accepted that very day he was determined to give up the struggle, and the company could then turn its attention to other unsettled tracts of land. But at half-past three he was informed that the ordinance had been passed with all the proposed rights, and that the Treasury was directed to close the contract with the Ohio company for all the land which they desired.

It was a time of great joy and congratulation for the friends of the enterprise. Three months were allowed to Mr. Cutler for the collection of the first half million dollars, and five million acres of land were granted by the ordinance. In the following fall, on October 27, the indenture was at last signed by which the government sold this large tract of land to Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, acting for the Ohio company; and this enormous business enterprise was finally accomplished.

Far-sighted as Manasseh Cutler and his associates doubtless were, it is hardly probable that even they realized fully the magnitude of what they had accomplished, or the importance of the region which had thus come into their possession. They had seized upon a part of that territory which was to prove the very heart of the new nation, the very center of its population and political power for many years, and by their influence they had helped to pass the ordinance which was to shape its future.

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"I doubt," said Daniel Webster, "whether one single law of any lawgiver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked and lasting character than the Ordinance of 1787."¹ And President Roosevelt speaks of it from our modern view-point in terms of scarcely less praise. "In truth," he says, "the Ordinance of 1787 was so wide-reaching in its effects, was drawn in accordance with so lofty a morality and such far-seeing statesmanship, and was fraught with such weal for the nation, that it will ever rank among the foremost of American state papers, coming in that little group which includes the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Washington's Farewell Address, and Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and Second Inaugural."²

All the great events of the world's history have not occurred amid picturesque or unusual surroundings or striking conditions; nor do hardships and peculiar self-sacrifice invariably attend the labors of our leaders along the path of highest duty. It was not Manasseh Cutler's part to perform himself the difficult labor of the pioneer; he was no mystic, no ascetic, no modern martyr, no unusually winsome character, but a shrewd, hard-headed man of affairs, who helped to manage successfully a very difficult matter of business. That busi-

¹ As quoted in John Fiske's "The Critical Period of American History."

² "Winning of the West," Vol. V, p. 36.

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ness success, however, we have come to recognize as one of the vital events in the history of our country. That contract helped to determine the future of some of our greatest states, and surely the accomplishment of such business is a part of the service of the Lord.

XIII

A Historic Haystack

FROM the very beginnings of Congregationalism one of its noblest ambitions and endeavors was that of carrying the good news of Jesus Christ to those who dwelt in spiritual darkness. Even in those times of stress and trial through which the leaders of the Separatist movement passed, the spark of missionary zeal was aglow, ready to burst out into a blaze when the proper time should come, although many things afterward conspired to hinder the hasty spreading of this sacred fire.

Far back in the anxious days before the Separatists left Holland this ambition had already begun to stir itself, for William Bradford mentions among other reasons for their removal to America the "great hope & inward zeall they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto, for ye propagating & advancing ye gospell of ye kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of ye world; yea, though

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they should be but even as stepping-stones unto others for ye performing of so great a work."

As soon as the feeble and struggling condition of the Pilgrim and Puritan colonies in New England began to be improved, efforts were made to reach those children of darkness, the Indians, whom they found so near them, and Brainerd and Eliot with many others labored faithfully among their benighted neighbors.

With the growth of the colonies and the opening up of new states and western lands, came another pressing call for service. As the older New England settlements continued to give many of their noblest and best citizens toward the forming of these new Middle and Western states, there arose the need of sending after these pioneer settlers a body of preachers and teachers, for the farmers and colonists of these new sections were unable for the most part to support these for themselves, as well as forgetful in their hard struggle with the wilderness of those higher needs of the soul, so difficult was it to obtain even the necessary food and clothing. Thus the missionary societies of Massachusetts and Connecticut came into being and pastors were sent, sometimes as a loan from various churches, to their poorer friends who had left the more thickly settled portions of New England.

Some assistance in the missionary work among the Indians was afforded by societies both in England and Scotland "for propagating the gospel," which thus set

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the example of foreign missionary endeavor to our own countrymen, but, perhaps largely because of our rapid growth and constantly new and varying problems at home, New England Congregationalists were not swift to follow their lead. The eighteenth century came and passed without any definite formulation of a foreign missionary enterprise, although the missionary spirit was already stirring and alert in the minds and souls of many.

In the early years of the nineteenth century, however, the time arrived in the great plans of God for such an undertaking on our part. To be sure there were still many obstacles in the way—chief among them the general apathy of Christian people upon this subject and the absorbing interest of important movements both in this country and abroad. Still the hour had come. Geographical discoveries and increasing navigation made it possible to reach many lands hitherto inaccessible and unknown; the financial ability of the New England churches was increasing; the way was open and the means were at hand, and at last the missionary spark which had smouldered so long burst into a glowing flame in the breast of one great man—Samuel J. Mills.

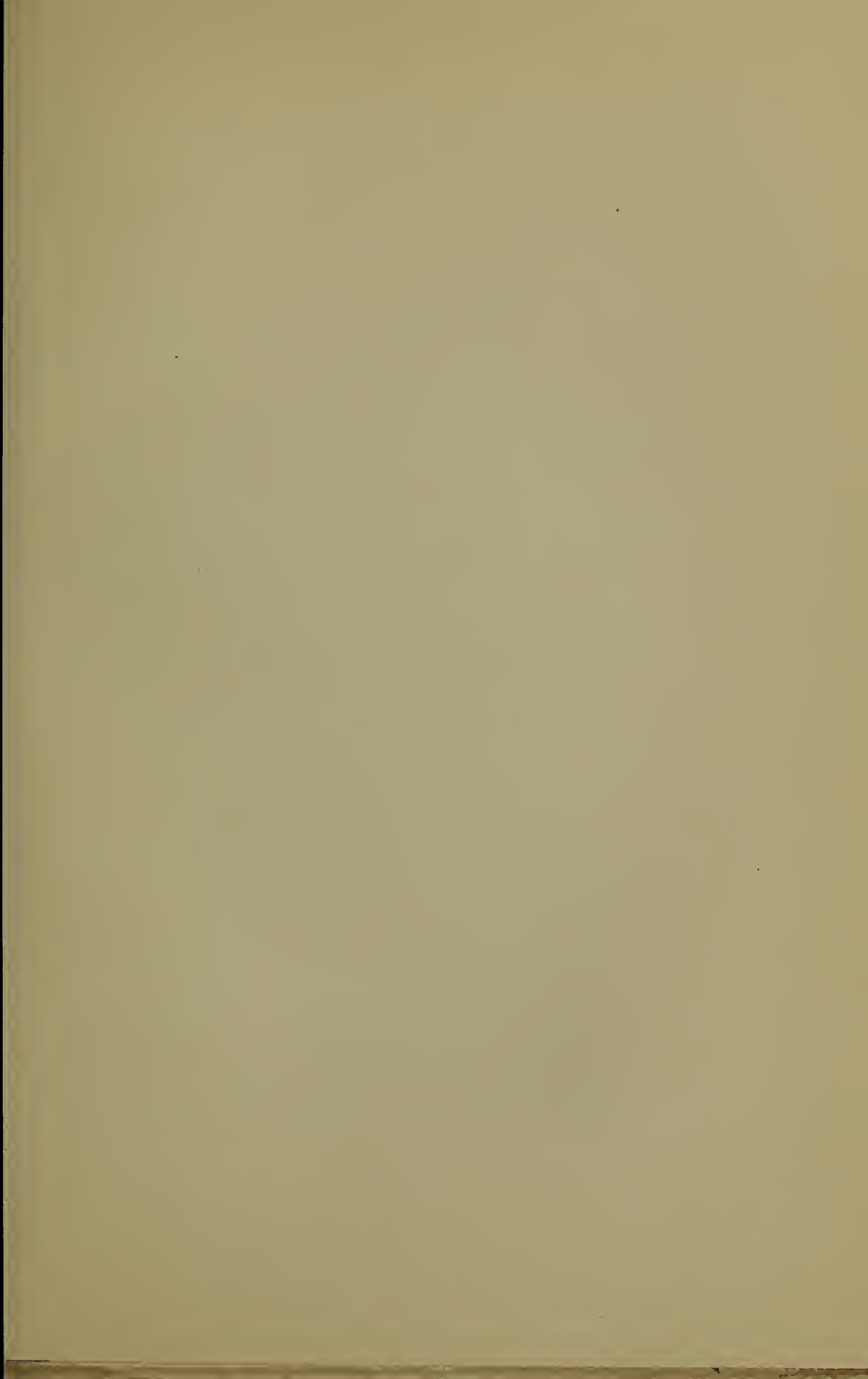
As we look back over what little is known of his early life we can see now how God prepared him for this mighty enterprise. Like the Samuel of the Old Testament, he was consecrated before his birth to the service of God, his mother earnestly desiring that he

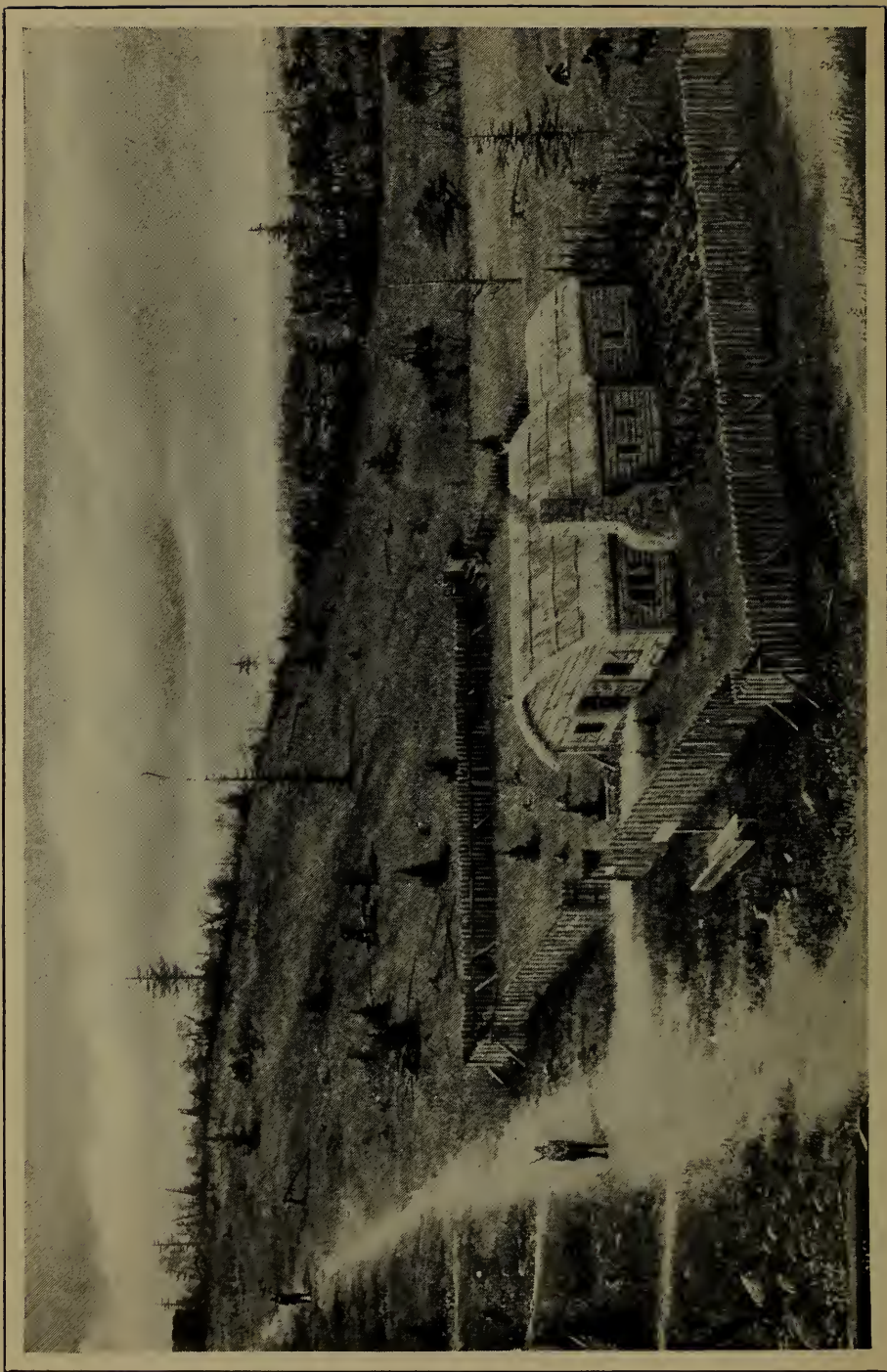
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might become a missionary, although, as was the case with many others of that time, the thought of a more distant field than that of the Western states never came into her mind. As a boy Samuel J. Mills heard her saying, "I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary," and often did he hear from her lips stories of Brainerd and other missionary leaders.

All through his youth he was tractable and conscientious, though it was not until he was eighteen that he passed through any remarkable religious experience. At this age he left his home in Torrington, Connecticut, to go to study in the neighboring academy in Litchfield, and on the journey thither he found Jesus Christ. All the world seemed transformed. Everything, even the trees and flowers, seemed to him to show forth the greatness and goodness of God. He forgot about himself and his journey, and stopped in the woods to worship and pray. With the new vision of God and all his perfections, came the great purpose of Samuel J. Mills' life. From that time forward he was a Christian, and Samuel J. Mills could not be a Christian without becoming also a missionary. All his plans were made with this end in view, and he set out at once to awaken the hearts of others. His first great opportunities came in Williams College, which he entered in April, 1806.

It had been a good hay season, and the Sloan





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Governor Bradford's House

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meadow a little way north of Williams College was dotted with haystacks scattered here and there over the close-cut grass. A multitude of grasshoppers sprang from under foot as now and then a farm-hand crossed the wide, hot field, and resumed their long, unending chorus when the invader had passed and peace had settled once more among the short sun-burned stumps of grass. August had come, and for many days now the sun had shone down fiercely upon the parched and heated world. There was a weariness in the air and even the song of the grasshoppers sounded sleepy, sweeping on and on with its monotonous chant like a lullaby, hushing all the drowsy hay-field into rest.

A farmer who crossed the field yawned as he lifted his wide-brimmed straw hat and wiped the drops of sweat from his forehead. It was Saturday afternoon and he had worked hard all the week. To-morrow he could sit in the shaded church, quiet for an hour at last, and if he should doze a little as he tried to listen to the good pastor's long sermon, who could wonder after his struggle against the languor of the midsummer heat and the monotonous chant of the insects?

But in the midst of the drowsiness and the heat that Saturday afternoon there came another sound. Low, ominous rumblings arose beyond the meadow, and all at once, as it seemed, a great black cloud obscured the sun and changed the golden glow of the afternoon light to a dull and threatening twilight. Louder and more

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frequent grew the menacing voices of the clouds, and deeper and more wide-spread the gloom. There was a mysterious threat in the air and all the world seemed to arouse itself from its slumbrous spell and wait eagerly, yet fearfully, for the rain.

A flock of crows flew cawing across the meadow, bound perchance for their far-off village of nests among the pines, a farm wagon rattled noisily away in the distance, the weary horse ready at last to hasten toward the familiar shelter of her stall, and then across the meadow there came hurrying a group of young men, students from the college, it might be, but in any case anxious, too, to find shelter from the rain, which was already beginning to fall in great, heavy drops.

Hastily they scooped away a little of the hay and crowded in together under the sheltering roof of the fragrant grass. There were five of them, genuine students, with eager faces full of life and energy. One of them, the seeming leader among the group, was somewhat of an awkward fellow. His step, as he hurried across the field, was unelastic, and his voice, as he spoke, unmusical and harsh. His face was sallow and somewhat less lit up with energy than those of his companions, but the delicate frame was manly and his dress arranged with scrupulous care. Rather an unattractive description, it may seem, and yet there was something about the serious face of this slow-speaking young man which never could be forgotten,

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a something which won him friends and made him a leader among those with whom he associated. The young man was Samuel J. Mills.

The great heat had kept in their rooms some of those friends who would otherwise have been with him on that day, but the names of the four who ventured out and took refuge with Mills beneath the haystack are preserved for us and for all future history—James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis, and Byram Green.

Why should a little meeting of five college students be thus handed down to history and fame? At first they talked of the countries they had just been studying in their college course—of Asia with its various peoples and wonderful history, of Asia the mother of the nations, the birthplace of history, of its spiritual darkness and its awful needs. As they talked on one after another ventured to speak more freely of the possibility of its redemption, of the hope that they might even have some part, however small, in the effort to reach out the message of Christ to those far-away, mysterious people.

It was a vision hour! Who but young men all aglow with the enthusiasms and daring dreams of youthful strength could have ventured to express or entertain such a hope, thus to anticipate an enterprise the like of which had never been attempted, the enterprise of winning the world for Christ! But the young

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soldier of Jesus Christ may dare to remove mountains, and Samuel J. Mills with three at least of his companions were "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Only one, Harvey Loomis, was doubtful, maintaining that the hope was premature, the obstacles too great, and that the missionaries would only be slaughtered by the Turks and others. But Mills exclaimed, "We can do it if we will," and the saying was never forgotten by his friends.

Together they knelt and one after another besought God's blessing upon themselves and their endeavors. The last prayer was made by Mills, who asked God to "strike down, with the red artillery of heaven, the arm that should be raised against a herald of the cross."¹ Then the little prayer-meeting was closed with the hymn,

"Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look?"²

The sun was shining once more as the little company retraced their way with glad steps back to the college campus and their little world of study. Only an hour and they were once more in the midst of books and student life. But the vision seen beneath the hay-

¹ As quoted in Richards' "Life of Samuel J. Mills."

² Ibid., p. 31.

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stack never wholly vanished. From the midst of that sultry summer hay-field they had looked out with eyes of faith and beheld the world, already white and ripened for the harvest and they themselves were ready and eager to become the reapers. Thus was born the great foreign missionary enterprise. To-day a monument marks the spot of the haystack of years ago. On the shaft are inscribed the words "The Field is the World," and upon its summit rests a great round ball, the symbol of the earth.

It is needless to say that this was not the last of the prayer-meetings held by that little band of college students. When the weather became too cold to admit of outdoor meetings, they came together in a neighboring kitchen, the door of which the good woman of the house soon began to leave ajar that she, too, might enjoy these little hours of prayer. Besides the five already mentioned seven or eight others joined the group and their interest increased instead of waning. At last, two years later, they formed themselves into a little society, which was organized in the lower story of the old East College. After the discussion of more ambitious names they finally chose the simple one "Society of Brethren."

Thus was matured the hope of that memorable meeting in the hay-field, and the first foreign missionary society of America was organized. It differed from those which succeeded it in that it purposed,

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not to send others to foreign lands, but to send itself in the persons of the different members to the field.

There is not space here to enter in any detail upon the story of its success. The first growth of the little organization was but gradual, the hand-to-hand personal winning of new members by those already in the group, and partly for this purpose they scattered themselves in various places and colleges. Mills for a short time in Yale and later in Andover Seminary continued the good work of endeavoring to interest his friends in the enterprise, although much caution was used in actually admitting persons to membership. For several reasons the society was for some time kept a secret, and the records of its meetings, the constitution and the signatures of the members were written in cipher. No one was allowed even to read the constitution until abundant information had been gathered regarding his character and past life and it was believed by at least two of the members that he would sign the document. The actual membership of the society was thus kept as pure and free from every discordant element as possible, and every member held himself ready to respond to whatever call of duty might come.

The arrival of a native Hawaiian in New Haven, and his subsequent Christianization and education, was the means of arousing much interest in those who had the opportunity of knowing him. His conversion and

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education proved conclusively that the life of even a heathen Hawaiian may be transformed, and through their personal interest in one man many became interested in the great heathen world of which he was so noble a representative.

In 1810 four members of the "Brethren,"—Adoniram Judson, Jr., Samuel Nott, Jr., Samuel J. Mills and Samuel Newell,—presented a paper to the General Association of Massachusetts asking for its advice and direction to the end that they might go in person as missionaries, and a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was appointed by the Association. Not long after this the new Board received its first large bequest of thirty thousand dollars, from Mrs. Mary Norris, the wife of one of the founders of Andover Seminary. Many other gifts followed and in 1812 most of Mills' friends were sent out under its care and support to foreign fields.

The growth of the work during the years which followed was remarkable. Not a country on the globe was overlooked in the watchful planning of the Board, and stations and missionaries were rapidly multiplied, although the workers were never numerous enough to improve all the opportunities which God opened up before them. Long before the century was past those very islands of the Pacific from which the benighted Obookiah had come as a representative were sufficiently evangelized so that the Board deemed them ready to

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undertake their own support, and they in turn were sending missionaries to those about them.

The work has never ceased. The time of first enthusiasm, and the hope of a speedy victory is past, but still the missionaries labor on, one after another taking up the message as their predecessors fall, and the thick of the battle with the forces of ignorance and sin is now upon us. But it will never stop until in some future day, far distant it may be, but yet ever approaching, the victory shall be won for Christ, and the glorious vision of Mills and his friends in that Massachusetts hay-field shall have become a wonderful reality.

It was never the lot of Samuel J. Mills to go with the rest as a worker in foreign lands. Perhaps because his advice and clear-sighted initiative were so sorely needed in the work of the Board at home, he was detained here while others went, and doubtless accomplished far more than he could have done by any personal hand-to-hand work among a heathen people. We can well believe, however, that his retention at home was a great disappointment to him, but if so he never allowed this feeling to burst out into jealousy or words of complaint.

His work during the few short years which remained to him was of many sorts. Like the woodsman who goes before, blazing a trail along which others may follow to clear the path or make the road, he went

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before his Christian brethren, estimating the needs of many and the best way in which to help them.

In 1812 and 1814, each time with a companion, he made two long tours through the Middle and Southern states, going as far south as New Orleans. Such a journey in those days was a great undertaking, and the account of it is full of dramatic interest. "These travelers did not telegraph their intended arrival, nor sleep and dine their way to their journey's end, on the 'Flyer,' and then rest in some palatial hotel at last. Each mounted his horse, taking with them by way of baggage all that was necessary for the trip,—tent, provisions, clothing and Bibles. They plodded through miry swamps, they climbed up and down almost perpendicular ledges, and cut their way through cane-brakes with a hatchet. When they had creeks to cross they swam their horses. At night they camped, often in the rain and sometimes without food. More than once they were serenaded by Indian war-whoops and the howling wolves. Stopping at town or settlement they were made cordially at home in hut and cabin. In some places they perceived bright prospects, the germs of future cities, and were often urgently besought to stay and preach the gospel permanently."¹

Mills found many sections almost destitute of the Word of God, and in New Orleans, where he reported

¹ Pamphlet by Elizabeth Stryker, "A Story of One Short Life," p. 72.

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“that as lately as March, 1815, a Bible in any language could not be found, for sale, or to be given away,” they obtained the consent of Bishop De Bury, himself, to distribute Bibles to the Romanists. Bible societies were formed in all the largest places, and Mills and his companion preached in every place where they paused for a few hours on their journey.

After their return, several missionaries were sent into these destitute places, and Mr. Mills himself had much to do with the formation of a national Bible Society, the need of which he now thoroughly appreciated. The growth of the work of the society has been enormous. From a single office room it has spread itself through an entire block six stories high. From there the Bible is sent out in over eighty different languages and dialects, and the cost of printing has been so reduced and so far met by gifts that a copy of the entire Scriptures can be bought for twenty-five cents.

After his second return to the North, Mills resided in New York, maturing various plans, speaking in many places, and explaining the needs of the work to those he met. The possibility of establishing a missionary station in South America engaged much of his attention, and he himself hoped to visit that country to make the necessary investigations preliminary to sending men thither, but this project was temporarily given up by the Board.

In the meantime, although busied with these mani-

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fold duties, he became filled with a great interest in the poor of the very city in which he lived. Alone he entered upon mission work in New York City, and going from house to house, he distributed Bibles and carried the message of Christ wherever he could find a listener. The spiritual destitution of those city slums astonished him, and in many of his ideas regarding the work to be carried on he anticipated the city mission workers of the present day.

The last enterprise which claimed his attention was that of founding a colony for liberated slaves on their native continent. He had become especially interested in the black people during his journeys through the South, and anxious to undertake anything which might tend to their betterment, either in this country or in the dark land from which they came. When the project of establishing a free colony in Africa became possible, Mills was selected as the one best fitted to go to the west coast of that country and investigate with a view to selecting the best location and obtaining all possible knowledge of the conditions which would surround the colonists.

The journey was made, the information obtained, and in company with his companion, the Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, Mr. Mills started happily on the homeward voyage in the brig *Success*, well pleased that the dangers and difficulties of their expedition were so well passed. Two weeks went by, part of which time he

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spent in arranging and completing the account of what they had accomplished, when he contracted a dangerous cold, and only a few days later he passed away from this world, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

The manifold labors of the great missionary leader were ended, but the ideals apprehended by him have never ceased to beckon men on toward their attainment. Let us reread some of the words of his companion on that last journey to Africa concerning him:

“The prominent traits of character which gave him such efficiency as a philanthropist were such as these: He was sagacious to see what could be done and what could not be done. He embarked in no theoretic or impracticable enterprises. He had a more than ordinary knowledge of human nature. He did not attempt to do himself any work for which he was incompetent, but he had the wisdom to solicit the able writer, the effective preacher, the noble statesman, the liberal merchant, to do each his appropriate work; and then he was willing that they should enjoy all the reputation of it, while he was himself unseen. . . .

“He lived at the peculiar time when our National Societies, in imitation of the English, must have been instituted, with or without his efficient aid. It would be utterly unsafe for any one to attempt to imitate his example, except in the wide field of doing good in appropriate ways. . . . Few men who were so moderately appreciated in life, have enjoyed a reputation

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so just and liberal soon after their death. He was great in goodness, and is entitled to everlasting remembrance.”¹

Spring in his Memoir says that when the news of Mills' death reached America it was felt by his friends that “an armor-bearer had fallen.” The title is an apt one. Samuel J. Mills was not permitted, like many of his friends, himself to wield the sword of the Spirit in foreign lands, but he bore the armor of those beside him, well content without selfish honors, if only the victory might be won for Jesus Christ.

¹ Rev. Mr. Burgess, as found in Sprague's “Annals of the American Pulpit,” pp. 570, 571.

XIV

A Wonderful Camp Meeting

IT is the first Sunday of July, 1838. Far away on the shores of a Pacific island is gathered a great multitude of people. The beach, covered with fine white sand mixed with coral, stretches in a crescent about the beautiful bay, which shines like a sheet of glistening silver under the sunlight, while in the distance, about a mile from the shore, a coral reef shuts in the peaceful harbor from the rougher waters of the Pacific. A British whale-ship lies at anchor within the quiet bay.

Between the harbor and the woods the green strip of shore-land is covered with little huts. There seem to be thousands of them, and on every side, coming and going, are brown-skinned natives, lightly clad, and many little children running hither and thither from hut to hut. Only one or two large houses are visible, two barn-shaped structures and one smaller building, evidently a dwelling. Peace and beauty reign over the

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entire scene. There is little sign of labor and little noise. Only one or two groups of men can be seen in the distance talking quietly on the shore, but the sound of singing in one of the great frame buildings can be plainly heard. Now the sound dies away, and again it rises louder. The words are strange but the tune is easily recognized—"Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Those large buildings, rough and unadorned as they are, are nothing less than churches—the rude houses of worship erected by the half-clad savages who gather with curiosity about us.

Let us follow one of them to the narrow entrance of that rough church. Our guide is a tall and dignified fellow and he walks with all the majesty of a king. We should hardly have liked to meet him alone in the high mountains yonder, for his sun-burned skin and massive frame tell of his strength, while the spirit which glows behind those dark brown eyes has never been restrained by any human law. But here within the very sound of gospel music we can have no fear. This man was the high priest of the threatening volcano which we hear muttering even now in the distance. Among those smoky summits where a red glow mingles with the murky cloud, he reigned supreme above his fellow men. Many a time has he killed his savage subjects on the road because they hesitated to pay at once the tribute he demanded. Should not a priest of the great volcano Kilauea have whatever he wished? But

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the great priest, the murderer and robber, is a Christian now, and no man fears him any longer, so we can follow him in safety up to the rude house of the Lord.

What a rough structure it is indeed! Its timbers, tied with vines and bark of the hibiscus, were hauled from the forest three and five miles through mud and brush, across streams, up hill and down, to the village. Every one has helped, both women and children, in the building of this church. Several thousand had a part, and in three or four weeks from the time the wood began to be hauled, all was ready.

Seats and floors there are none, but the beaten earth has been covered with fresh grass, and the densely crowded room seems literally packed with human beings seated on the ground. What a crowd it is! Only a path is left between the rows of men and women, and along these narrow aisles a man is passing with a basin of water in his hand from which he sprinkles with a brush like an aspersorium the bowed heads of all those before him. Past one row and then another he goes, slowly and solemnly, and every form is bowed with reverent face at his coming. All are silent. A profound hush is over all this vast assembly. The voices of the children outside are quiet now and all is still, so that even the gentle footfall of the pastor can be heard as he passes on from one group to another.

At last he has finished, and passing down through the vast audience, stands in a little open space at the

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very center of the waiting throng. With bowed head and straining ears all listen for the wonderful words: "I baptise you all in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The sunlight falls in through the open door over the dusky faces, and all the audience is in tears. All is silence for a little, and then in a voice vibrant with emotion the pastor explains in simple words the meaning of the Lord's Supper, and why they, as followers of Jesus, should join in this holy service.

The bread and cup are then passed throughout the crowded room, and quietly the great multitude unite in this act of remembrance and consecration. On every side are faces once dull with ignorance and disfigured with the marks of sin but now lighted up with the glory of love and hope. They are a simple people, ignorant of nearly everything which the world counts as wisdom, and yet they have learned at last the great truth that Jesus Christ can save them from sin, and lift them up into joy and holiness. Even the high priest of the volcano, even robbers and murderers, have come to bow in penitence, and here at our very side are waiting, transformed and purified, to partake of the symbol of Christ's death for them.

That day one thousand, seven hundred and five persons were received into the Hilo Church of Hawaii. It was the largest accession probably ever made at one time in all the history of Congregational missions, and

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the day was one worthy of remembrance. It was not a hurried or unreasonable harvesting of souls, a wholesale garnering of the ripe with the unripe. Every one of those received that day into church-membership had been long watched and tested by Titus Coan before the list of those who seemed ready was finally finished, and the after result showed the wisdom of this step, for very few, half savage as they still were, came under any reproach for ill-conduct, or incurred the discipline of the church, strict as it was at that time. The field was truly ready for the harvest, but great was the honor to him who was able to bring it into the storehouse.

At no other time, perhaps, was there just such an opportunity placed before any missionary of the gospel. When Titus Coan came to Hawaii in 1835, everything seemed ready for his message; the truth had been proclaimed in most of the villages but it had not yet laid hold upon the hearts of the people. Schools had been established and a large number could read, while the grosser practises of idolatry and barbarism had disappeared, at least from common sight. The people were kindly, generous and gentle, with a certain docility of mind which inclined them to accept the new teaching with simple faith like little children. Titus Coan was tireless in his preaching, bold of faith and hope, and the power of God was with him. The fruits of his preaching were immediate and remarkable. When the natives began to embrace Christianity in large numbers

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and with certain unusual experiences, some wrote to Mr. Coan asking him, "Why don't you put this down?" "My answer," he says, "was, 'I didn't get it up!' I didn't believe the devil would set men to praying, confessing, and breaking off their sins by righteousness."¹

In many of the meetings a wonderful power, hardly understood even by the preacher himself, seemed to master the audience. "I would rise before the restless, noisy crowd," he writes, "and begin. I soon felt that I had hold of them and that they would not go away. The Spirit hushed them by the truth till they sobbed and cried, 'What shall we do?' and the noise of the weeping silenced the preacher. It was God's truth preached simply, and sent home by the Spirit that did the work."² The people from Kau and Puna, districts near by, gathered about the station at Hilo to the number of about ten thousand, and there remained for "a camp-meeting" of about two years. During this time meetings of all sorts were held almost constantly,—preaching services, services for men, for women, for the children, sewing and cooking classes, and gatherings of all sorts.

In November of this first year, a great volcanic wave swept the beach, demolishing the dwellings and carrying away many people, but this great catastrophe, far from hindering the work, only intensified the anxiety

¹ Pamphlet by Rev. S. J. Humphrey, p. 11.

² Ibid., p. 10.

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of the people to seek Christ, since they knew not at what time death might come. Large additions to the Hilo Church were received, four hundred and fifty at one communion, five hundred and two at another, and seven hundred and eighty-six at another, but the largest addition was the one of one thousand, seven hundred and five which has just been described. Before its partition into separate churches the Hilo Church had received in all over twelve thousand persons into membership.

Titus Coan remained in Hawaii throughout his long and vigorous life of eighty-two years, returning only once to the United States. He was one of those who are privileged to see the result of their labors and to rejoice in the success they have achieved. The wonderful movements we have sketched so lightly took place early in Mr. Coan's life in Hawaii, and they were but the beginning of a steady onward movement which he never saw flag. Missionaries were sent out from the native churches before the end of his life to neighboring islands, and those who so short a time before had dwelt in the darkness of heathendom, now became light-bearers to others.

Titus Coan had always been very fond of children, and it was for this reason, perhaps, that he conceived the idea of asking the children of the United States to contribute their pennies toward the building of a sailing vessel which might be used by the missionaries in their journeys among the Marquesas Islands. This

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little packet was called the Morning Star, and shares were sold to the children for ten cents each. The vessel was duly bought, and reached Hawaii in 1857, where it was of great service in the mission work so earnestly carried on among the Marquesas Islands.

The story of Titus Coan's life is one of the most happy among the annals of Christian missions. To few heroes is it permitted to gaze as he did, in the early years, upon the fruit of his labors, and to watch the unceasing growth of the seed which he had sown, ripening and maturing with undiminished harvests through to the close of a long life. His lot was indeed a happy one, and even his death occurred in the midst of a revival in which he was able to bear a part.

In one of his first letters home, written to his brother George soon after his arrival with his wife in Hawaii, he wrote: "We are happy in our union, happy in our work and happy in our Redeemer."¹ In this sentence we learn the sources of Titus Coan's happiness, and his joy was never-failing. Happy in all his human relationships, observant of and interested in all the wonderful features of his island home and environment, enthusiastic in the doing of every duty, and ever rejoicing in the privilege of serving Jesus Christ, he passed through his long life triumphantly to the still greater glories of the life that awaited him.

¹ "Memorial of Rev. Titus Coan," p. 39.

XV

The Iowa Band

THE lectures and recitations of the day were ended, and darkness had settled down over Andover Seminary. From the different windows the lights shone out here and there where curtains were still drawn aside. One could catch glimpses of warm study-rooms, of books close at hand, of happy hours of study, or cheerful comradeship, of that blessed student time when love of knowledge is the master passion, and the sordid, struggling world with all its anxiety for financial gain, its anguish, and its wrong is still unknown.

Among the lighted buildings one corner remained in darkness—the seminary library. But here, strangely, several students seemed to be gathering. The moonbeams falling through the windows lit up their faces and showed even with its uncertain light that they had come on no frivolous errand. Thoughtful earnestness filled every face, and their voices were hushed as they

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quietly assembled in a corner among the crowded stacks. Soon a prayer was heard in the darkness, then another and another. "Where would God have them go to work for him? Should they try together to redeem some new field in the great West and if so, which one? How should they labor?"

It was a solemn time, that hour in the darkness and the hush of the old library. All around them were the books, the world shut out, and God shut in, for present he must have been with those who sought him so earnestly. After the prayer came consultation. The little group of students were talking of their life-work. The suggestion, God-given as we believe, had been made by some that they should together seek for pastorates in some Western state or territory, where their lives might count for more than among the settled churches of the East, and it had become their custom every Tuesday evening to meet in the dark library, all unknown to the other students, to talk and pray over this matter.

"Where should they go?" Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin had already been reached by missionary pastors. They sought for a new field, one where the work was scarcely begun, a difficult place where a band of young men like themselves might really make an impress upon the character of the newly settled country. At last Iowa was mentioned. Iowa—that was a spot with which none of them were in the

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least acquainted. It was in what was then the extreme West; it was little settled, but it was already a territory of the Union. Would God have them go there? They began at once to seek for information regarding it, and at the close of their seminary year, in 1843, a little company of twelve were pledged for work in this almost unknown field. On the fourth of October, the Iowa Band started westward together. What did it mean to go as a minister to Iowa in 1843, and why have the members of this band earned the right to be called heroes?

First of all they abandoned many things when they started on that western journey. It is difficult to-day to realize how much they left because scarcely any portion of our country seems so far away now as Iowa did then. It was not possible then to pay a yearly visit to the New England homestead. Father and mother, and brothers and sisters said "good-bye," knowing that it must be a long time before they saw the face of the young home missionary again. Ministerial friends, with all the inspiration and privileges which association with these brings, the joy of books, the luxuries and comforts—yes, almost the necessities of home life,—all chance of promotion, all love of recognition and fame, all these the members of the Iowa Band left behind them when they started for the great West. They were vast sacrifices, each and all. Why did they do it and was there any adequate compensation?

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It is easier now than then to see clearly how great were the opportunities they hastened to embrace. They were opportunities to spend their talents, not opportunities to receive great things. Too many of us are seeking for the latter opportunities, when it is the former which after all are the best. Not how much they could get in this world, but how much they could accomplish, that was the query of those seminary students, and they found places in which they could do great things.

We are all familiar with the story of the rapid growth of our Western states. Their civilization and cities seem to spring into being full grown. Their infancy, their formative period, is the very shortest of any in history. How important that this briefest space of time allowed for shaping and fixing the institutions of the state should include among its leaders some ministers of Jesus Christ!

Especially was this important in the state of Iowa, holding the central and influential position which it does upon our map. The natural resources of the state predestined it for an important future. How needful it was that the first years of growth should receive the Christian impress! The Iowa Band reached their new home just in time to take a part in all this molding process, especially of church and college.

Here were no precedents to follow or to overcome, no fixed lines of procedure which must be followed either in the forming of churches or the starting of

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schools. Full freedom was given for every bit of originality or formulative genius which the Band possessed, and nobly did they employ this freedom. Their vision of the future illumined their planning, and they built not for the present but for the generations to come.

Why are the members of the Iowa Band heroes? Because they threw themselves into a most difficult field and a most arduous work to attain a most noble end. How great and how glorious that end was we are only beginning to appreciate. Time alone will reveal the true importance of the work which our pioneer heroes have done. We are still too near to appreciate their achievements.

What did it mean to go as a minister to Iowa? We can only give the beginning of an answer as we can give but little glimpses of what these home missionaries did after they reached their new home. Let us appropriate to ourselves for awhile the magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights," and setting back the clock for fifty years or so alight here and there just long enough to catch a glimpse of some of the things these men saw.

It is Tuesday evening once more, but this time we are in the little Western village of Tipton. The village store is lighted up and from the open door comes the sound of voices. It is the social center of the community, horses are tied before the steps, and two friendly pigs grunt around their feet, now and then

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venturing even into the store from whence they are driven out by vociferous boys. Every one has deserted his crowded, comfortless home for the store and the street, this hot July evening.

From the little lean-to beside the store two men come out. They have a friendly word for all around, but do not linger among the crowd of loafers.

"Guess the parson has something on foot to-night," says the storekeeper as they start off up the street. "Who's his friend?"

"One of those other preachers that came from down East," answered a man. "Parson Alden was expecting him. Think his name is Adams."

It is indeed two members of the Band who are thus starting off to find a quiet spot where they may hold their Tuesday evening prayer-meeting together. The little lean-to beside the store is Brother Alden's study, but there is small chance for prayer there beside the thin board partitions which let in every word of conversation from the crowded store. Where in the new town can they find a secluded corner? It is a more difficult problem than it was in the old Andover days.

Here is the jail—a two-story log building empty as yet, with the doors unfastened, and an outside staircase leading up to the second story. It is the best place which can be found, and there in the upper room, illumined only by the moonlight which has now shone out over the vast prairie all around, they kneel and ask

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God's blessing upon their work and brethren, and this new state which they have chosen for their home. It is a very happy meeting, and as they descend to the street once more Ebenezer Alden looks up at the rude little jail above him with a glowing face.

"There," he says, "I guess that's the first time that old building ever had a prayer in it."

We must leave them to find their way back to the lean-to beside the store while we fly on just a little across the border of the state, this time to a revival scene. Where are we going? That is a saloon right here in the room next to the one we are entering.

Yes, it is all owned by the same proprietor, and this room where the meeting is now going on is commonly used as a ninepin alley. You would hardly guess it to-day, for with the rough board seats arranged across it from end to end it has quite taken on the appearance of a hall now that it is filled with people, but if you look sharply in the corner behind the speaker's table you will see the ninepins and balls piled up out of the way.

How was such a queer place chosen? Well, it was the only place in the good-sized village large enough to accommodate the people in a protracted series of meetings. The two preachers were at a loss where to go, when the proprietor of the alley, in which he was earning at the time ten dollars a day, offered it voluntarily, free of charge, for as long as it might be needed.

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The meeting is a solemn one, and many come forward to confess Christ before its close. That young man who is speaking is an earnest fellow. He is the son of the owner of the alley, and has decided since these meetings began to try to follow Christ.

The sound of the toddy-stick and of loud talking in the next room can be plainly heard, for the wall is thin, but nothing distracts the attention of the audience from those who are testifying to their new faith. It is now more than two weeks since the first service was held, and to-morrow a church will be organized in the little town. Its first page will bear the record, "Organized on —— day of ——, in Mr. ——'s nine-pin alley."

Are you too weary to attend another meeting? We ought not to be, for our mode of travel is swift compared with that of most of those who have been coming for days across the prairies to this gathering. One pastor tells us he has walked on foot two hundred miles to attend such a meeting.

It is the day for the Association. Just how much that means, it is hard for us whose homes are in the East to understand. It means that to-day friends dearer than brothers are to meet after a year's separation; they are to talk over the common work which they have undertaken, to share one another's joys and sorrows, to look into one another's eyes and see there reflected the same steady determination which burns in

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their own hearts. It is the purpose to bring to pass the kingdom of God in Iowa, a purpose whose greatness and power they have never doubted but which flames up anew into a brighter glow when it is seen reflected in another's face.

It has been no easy journey to the Association meeting, fording streams, crossing prairies, riding horseback, or jolting along in a comfortless buggy for days, but all are now well rewarded, and the attendance is more complete than in some better settled districts. The company here in the little church is a large one. It is the middle of the forenoon, the hour of the day set apart for the prayer-meeting, and as we listen to prayer and testimony we do not wonder that it is indeed good to be here, for it is the desire for the blessing of God's presence, which more than anything else has brought these men together, and the gift sought thus earnestly must be obtained. At the close of the meeting, while hand clasps hand the old hymn is sung, "My days are gliding swiftly by." This is always the closing hymn of the prayer-meeting, and now the entire assembly turns with whole-hearted earnestness to the business of the Association. The questions of slavery and of Sabbath-breaking are to be discussed this morning, but perhaps we had better slip out here as our vote will not be counted.

The little village is full of people, for the wives and children have come as well as the ministers them-

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selves, so that, taken all together, it is a large company for the town to entertain. What is this big farm wagon rumbling past? It is filled with straw, but a young woman is driving, and another woman beside her is laughing and talking as though some great joke were in progress. Have they anything to do with the Association?

Yes, to be sure, that is the minister's wife. There are not beds enough for all, so numerous have been the arrivals, and so while the morning session has been in progress, the young bride, fresh only a short time before from the comforts of her Eastern home, has started out in search of bedding. The young wife of another missionary is with her, and there are more women awaiting them at the door of the parsonage. They have been clearing the floors of the bedrooms, the parlor and the entry, during their hostess' absence and now every available spot is covered with straw beds.

It is a festival occasion. Who could think of hardships amid jollity and friendship like this? If it could only have been Association meeting all the time!

But life is not made up of holidays, least of all the life of a home missionary. It is a wintry day as we enter the little cabin home of one of our faithful pastors. Here are few comforts—no luxuries. A pine box has been made into a dish-cupboard there beside the little stove, other boxes have been converted into

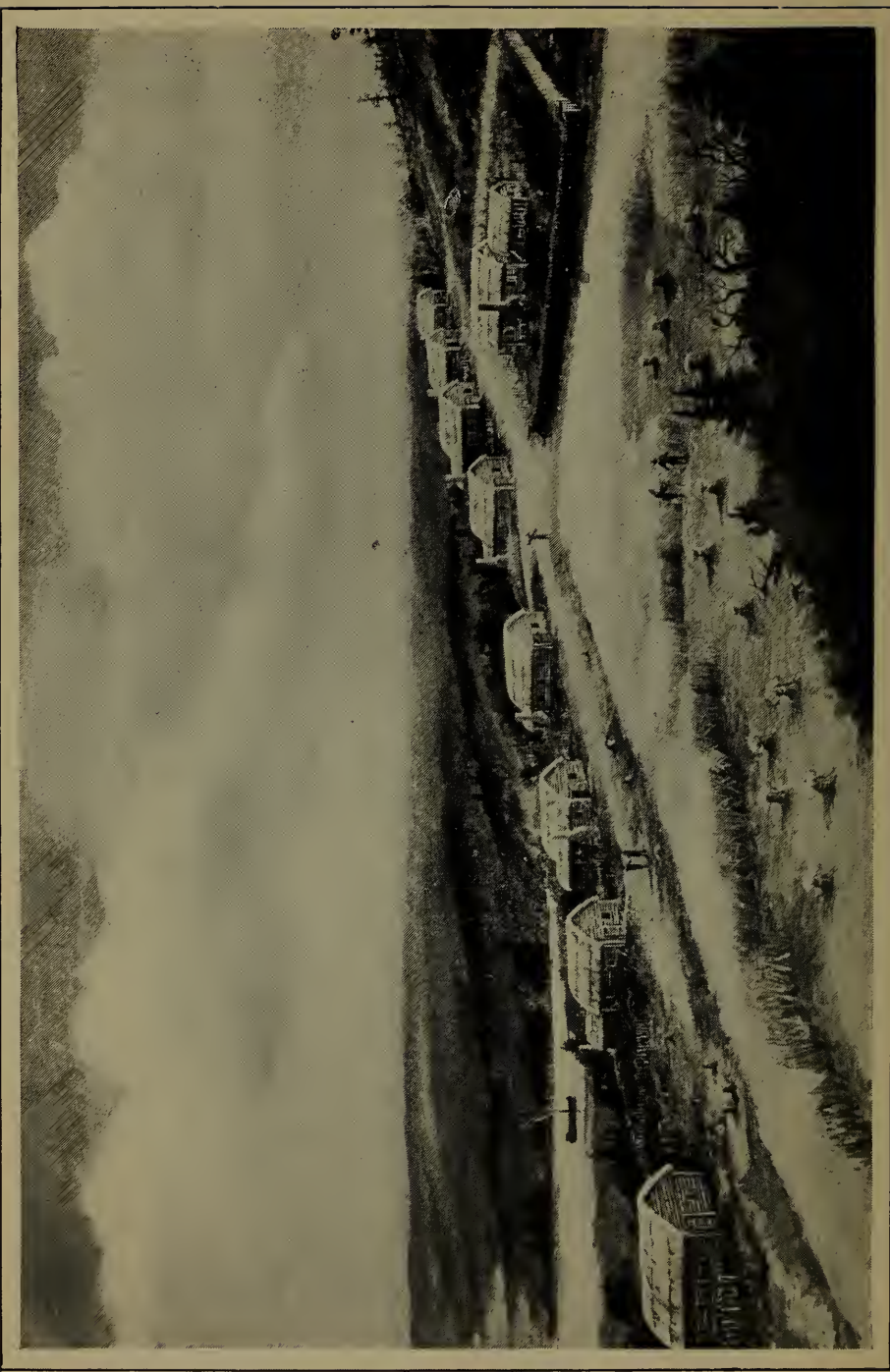
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chairs, and the table is only a rude contrivance, evidently made by the pastor's own hand.

The busy wife of the missionary is making over a dress for Ellen out of one of her older sister's outgrown gowns, and her brow wrinkles with anxiety as she sews and watches little Tommy creeping about from chair to chair. Those are not spiritual themes which fill her mind just now but thoughts of how the meager salary is to be stretched a little farther so as to include the food and necessary clothing for these bleak winter months. How can a bed be made for Tommy? He has outgrown his cradle, and the boxes have all been used. Perhaps father can get another at the village. Poor father! He has to be farmer and carpenter as well as preacher. A student he can be no longer except of the Bible and the great book of human nature, for a new volume never enters his library and the old ones were almost read out of their covers long ago.

Here is father now driving into the yard. He has been conducting a funeral in a village ten miles away. But what has he there in his team? A barrel! It must be those long-looked-for gifts from the friends at home. How eagerly the family gathers around to see what is within and how they exclaim as one after another the treasures are unwrapped! Shoes for Ellen and Elizabeth, new dresses for the baby, a black dress for mother, an overcoat for father, a new table-cloth, and best of all, some books! It is a day long to be remembered,





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Plymouth in 1622

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that winter day which opened so bleakly, and with overflowing hearts they join in father's prayer of thanks as they sit down around the rough little table for dinner. If only the workers in the little church vestry at home could see what rejoicing their labors have brought!

We can stop but for one more scene. It is another red-letter day in the calendar of the Iowa Band. From all the little towns about wagons are gathering, while many have ridden in on horseback or walked on foot from their homes out yonder on the prairie. The little company of Christians have been struggling here for a long time to obtain a house of worship. Many are the self-denials each one has undergone in order to place a few dollars in the hand of the missionary to be used for the new church edifice.

A large part of it has been erected by his own labors. He has been pastor, business manager, architect, mason and carpenter all in one, and the rude little hut bears many traces of unskilled workmanship. It has but six plain windows and one door, and the chimney has been finished a little askew. Tower, bell, organ, carpet, pulpit? No, indeed, none of these things are included. A real store table fills the place of the pulpit, a haircloth chair has been donated for the preacher, and best of all, here is the old communion set sent from the home church in the East to its beloved missionary child. The pews are bare of cushions, but not empty of occupants. To-day at least every seat is

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full, for the minister is known even by the unbelievers as a "right good fellow," and they have all come in to listen to the dedication service.

It is a humble beginning, to be sure, but from beginnings such as this wonderful results have sprung up. The first church in the new state was organized at Davenport in 1838, and here the members of the Iowa Band were ordained when they came to their field of labor, only five years later. It consisted of but thirty-two members, and Rev. Asa Turner (Father Turner, as all the home missionaries called him) was the first pastor. In 1842, just a year before the Iowa Band came, the number of churches in the territory, including all denominations, was estimated at forty-two and the number of professing Christians as about twenty-one hundred. What do we now find in the Congregational Church alone? Three hundred and twenty churches, with over thirty-six thousand members.

Of course the influence of the Iowa Band upon most of the churches in Iowa has not been a direct one, but nevertheless it would be only a very superficial observer who would turn away from a survey of their life-work thinking that its results are to be seen only in the churches which they themselves actually helped to organize. Their work has helped to mold the character of the entire state. When they came to this thinly settled territory they found all the religious life of the communities in an unformed, plastic condition. They

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were the men who helped to establish religious precedents in the state.

The Tuesday evening prayer-meeting is one illustration of this. After the Band came to Iowa they naturally remembered the many meetings they had held together in the old seminary library and, separated though they were, for old association's sake continued to observe Tuesday evening as a time of prayer for themselves and their brethren. Many of the other ministers followed their example, and in one meeting of the General Association it was voted that this night be generally observed. Of course it could not be expected that all the churches of Iowa would adopt the suggestion, but it has become a general custom to do so.

In many ways the Iowa Band builded for the future. The General Congregational Association of Iowa was organized with only three churches enrolled in 1840, three years before the Band came to Iowa. In 1844 minor associations were formed and the methods of procedure of the Association determined upon. In this work of organization the Band had an active part, and through this association of ministers they helped to influence the entire life of the state. Questions such as intemperance, slavery, the Mexican War, the Rebellion, and the observance of the Sabbath, were freely discussed at these meetings and at least one movement of national importance, that which led to the Congregational Church Building Society, was first begun here.

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To this body of home missionary pastors does Iowa College owe its origin, but the story of that institution of learning would require an entire chapter. To make a higher education possible in the new state was one of the dearest aims of the Iowa Band and their ministerial brethren. A large proportion of their labor, time, and strength went to the founding of this college, for they believed that religion and education must go hand in hand if this new territory was to become a worthy part of the great republic. The founding of Iowa College, no less than the establishing of many churches, must be counted among the great achievements of the Iowa Band.

But most important of all were those results which cannot be summed up in words, results wrought by the power of Christian heroism and Christian bravery. The changing of many lives through the personal influence of the Band, and the leavening and transforming of the rough, crude life of that Western territory by the leaven of a truly religious and truly cultured living—the forces which accomplished this can never be accurately estimated. The members of the Iowa Band never became the less men of refinement because they had left behind them the luxuries and privileges of the East, but in that Western land they added power and simplicity to their learning until they were indeed true heroes able to mold a state for righteousness and God. They were “the salt” of Iowa.

XVI

How Cyrus Hamlin Baked Bread for an Army

THE native evangelical Christians around Constantinople about the year 1844 were in a pitiable condition. Turks and Russians, Armenians and Greeks, Mohammedans and Catholics—every one regarded them with suspicion and dislike. In 1837 the great anathema had been pronounced upon them and those who did not recant were ruined, as far as all worldly prospects were concerned. All who owed them money were released from the debt, while at the same time all the creditors of these unfortunate people were required to demand payment. Their guild papers were taken from them, and all persons were forbidden to trade or transact any business with them. Most of them were driven out from their homes and places of business into the street, and as the final outcome of all this persecution a large number came at last to be thrown into prison, where they underwent much suffering.

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It was impossible for most of them to work under these circumstances, however desirous they were of earning an honest livelihood, and idleness, beggary and unwise charity were fast reducing these followers of the new Christianity to a pitiable state. The firman issued in 1847 under the influence of the British ambassadors restored to them the rights of citizens, but the mischief which had been done was too vast to be righted within a moment. Bankrupt, dishonored and discouraged,—it was impossible for the Evangelical Christians to disentangle themselves from their mesh of troubles. A single man alone may wrest from the wilderness the means of existence. Shut off from all intercourse with his fellow men and from the mutual labor and help of society he must perish in the midst of civilization.

The mission station of the Congregationalists at Constantinople failed to meet the demands of this difficult situation. Many of the young men, thus thrown out of employment, came to the mission school and, ragged and barefoot, used for study the time which they were unable to pass in any other way. The students appeared like beggars; the missionaries were scandalized and puzzled. They had come to teach and to preach and to convert, not to solve such secular problems, and here their native parishes were thrown into poverty and disorder.

But one man proved equal to the occasion. That man was Cyrus Hamlin, at the time in charge of

CYRUS HAMLIN

Bebek Seminary and its ragged students, one of the most remarkable men our denomination has known. He was the son of a Maine farmer, and included in his qualifications for a missionary, not simply a scholarly training in both college and seminary and a most glowing and self-sacrificing love for God and his fellow men, but also rare gifts for mechanical and manual labor, together with the quick wit and tact of a diplomatist and politician, and the far-sighted, practical wisdom of a business leader. He was a man developed mentally in every direction, a "Jack of all trades," but more than that, a seeming specialist in each. A wonderful man in this age when division of labor has rendered an "all around training" almost an impossibility! Cyrus Hamlin had been a pastor, a missionary, a teacher. He now became an organizer of industries.

The situation which he faced was a difficult one. Not only must he guide and control a company of men whose business talents were largely unproved by him, but he must discover fields of labor wholly unoccupied hitherto, or persecution and the guilds together would render their industry useless. No capital was in his hands for the beginning of his enterprise, no friendly community in which to carry them forward; he must expect criticism from those with whom he was associated and from those friends he had left behind in far-off America, for he was launching forth upon a new sea of missionary labor—as many believed, a sea in

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which he had no right to sail. All things seemed against him, but, as he believed, the necessity of relief justified his endeavors. As results proved, he was capable of mastering the obstacles which confronted him.

Many industries were tried. The money for his first workshop, which was an annex to the seminary, was contributed by some English workmen who had been sent to the country to start certain great mills under the control of the government. They contributed forty pounds, the sum which Mr. Hamlin thought necessary for the enterprise, and the first industry was started by the needy students for the purpose of obtaining money for clothing.

The work was mostly upon sheet-iron stoves and stovepipe, articles which were just beginning to be used at that time, but ash-pans, bakers, fire-shovels, and other simple things were also made. The houses about Constantinople had no chimneys, and so it was necessary to prolong the stovepipe far enough outside of the house to produce a draught, and the demand for stovepipe and for students to set it up was great.

One simple employment which furnished work for several men was the making of rat-traps. A member of the evangelical community, a cutler, had become mentally unbalanced by the weight of his misfortunes, and imagining himself to be stone would remain motionless for a long time without even winking. Cyrus Hamlin had just received a new rat-trap from Boston.

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He sent for the unfortunate cutler and said to him, "If there are thirteen hundred thousand inhabitants in Constantinople, there are thirteen hundred millions of rats. Go to! make rat-traps, and live."¹ At first the plan seemed visionary to the cutler Hovesep, but he finally undertook the occupation and at last work was provided for eight persons in the rat-trap factory.

Many other unoccupied or uncrowded fields of labor were discovered by Cyrus Hamlin. One man supported his family a year or more by manufacturing camphene, and bookbinding, printing and other industries were tried with some degree of success. Later on one of the most successful was the homely work of washing, but the history of that would require a story all to itself.

But all these early attempts were not sufficient. A few cases of destitution had been relieved, but many others remained. What large industry could be started in the face of such opposition and without capital?

One opportunity had often occurred to Cyrus Hamlin, and at last the way seemed clear by which he could seize upon it for the benefit of his fellow Christians. The market of Constantinople was filled with the finest wheat of the world; the population was thirteen hundred thousand, the guild of the bakers and millers was one of the largest and strongest in the city; but all the grinding for this vast industry was done by horse-power. A steam mill could compete with such labor at an

¹ "My Life and Times," by Cyrus Hamlin, p. 293.

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enormous advantage, if only its owners could obtain a place in the ranks of competitors. By simple accident Cyrus Hamlin discovered one day that one of the very early privileges allowed to a foreign colony settling in Constantinople was "the right to its own mill and bakery free from interference from the guilds." There was no way in which the recognition and confirming of this privilege could be avoided by the government save by procrastination, but in this art the Turks were adepts.

The firman was promised immediately by the minister of foreign affairs, but as soon as the project became known, all the bakers in the city united against it. Trusting in the promise of the Turkish minister, Cyrus Hamlin began his building operations, but it was not long before an officer appeared with orders to arrest all the workmen and bring them to police headquarters.

About twelve of the students of the seminary were hard at work and the head workman and one or two others whom the officer especially sought were safely hid when he appeared. Cyrus Hamlin tells the story thus:

"Where is Demetri Calfa?"

"He is not here, sir."

"Who is the *calfa* (head workman) of these works?"

"I am, sir. They are my works."

"Are you an architect?"

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"I am an American, the *nazir* of this school, and architect enough for these works."

Straightening himself up, he cried: "*Paidose, paidose!* I make *paidose* (interdict) upon these works. Here, every one of you, come with me to the Porte."

"Go to work, boys," I said; and turning to him I told him they were all my scholars, and that he could not touch them; they belonged to no *esnaf* or guild.

The wag in the attic, in the meantime, had leaned out of the window to hear what was going on below. The constable happened to look up and see him.

"Come down here, you jackass (*eshek*). Now I have caught an *isnafgi*."

"Oh, no!" said the wag; "I am one of Mr. Hamlin's scholars."

"You a scholar! Let me hear you read."

"Very well, sir, I will read."

And finding a Turkish Testament up there where the man slept, he put on a pair of huge spectacles, and bowing back and forth just like a Turkish *softa*, he began to read with sonorous voice, the New Testament.

"*Yeteshir, yeteshir* (it's enough, it's enough)," said the constable, while the boys were ready to burst.¹

Cyrus Hamlin now insisted that the rights of the treaty had been broken long enough, as the constable had in reality no right to enter the house of an American, unless accompanied by an officer of the embassy,

¹ "My Life and Times," by Cyrus Hamlin, pp. 302, 303.

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and the constable soon found himself without the walls. The Turkish government was now placed in a dilemma. It must either proceed with its arrest and break the promise given or grant the firman. The firman was given the following afternoon. It is difficult for us who live and work in the freedom of the American States to understand how large a place the restrictions and legal red tape of the government occupied in the difficulties Mr. Hamlin had to overcome. As we read the story of his life we are more and more impressed by his skill in cutting the Gordian knots which restricted his efforts in every direction.

How was the money for this new enterprise obtained? Six hundred dollars was advanced by Mr. John Tappan of Boston, a member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, for the purchase of millstones, bolts, duster, etc. Mr. Charles Ede, an English banker and friend of Mr. Hamlin, stood behind the enterprise, ready to advance all necessary money upon the security of the plant, and through him a small steam-engine of six horse-power was ordered.

No drawings came with the engine and mill, and all the ingenuity and skill of Mr. Hamlin were required to set them up. But most perplexing of all, the steam-pipe proved to be too short by eight or nine inches. What was the missionary man of business to do? He must do his own casting as well as be his own mechanic and carpenter, and using a little furnace which he had

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built for trying ores, he set to work. Sand suitable for the molds was found by some of the students, and a large semi-globe of iron which had been the balance weight of an old boat was broken up by the students with a heavy sledge-hammer. The first attempt at casting was a failure, and there was an explosion like the firing of a cannon. "I committed three blunders," says Cyrus Hamlin. "I did not dry the sand mold enough; I did not make escape ways for gases and steam large enough; and I made the melted iron too hot."¹ How many professors or missionaries would have made the attempt at all! The second trial proved successful and the missing pipe was obtained.

The machinery was set up and at last all was ready for the bread-making. Cyrus Hamlin had read up the subject thoroughly but his first batch of bread was an utter failure. It was flat and sour. With perseverance, however, better results were obtained and after a kurekgi—a man to take charge of the heating of the oven, and the baking—was obtained, the bread was a perfect success.

At last the mill and bakery were fully under way, and good bread was being made. The problem which must now be solved was how to obtain customers. The people, of course, were all patronizing the bakeshops of the guild, and many stories were being told about this new bread, manufactured, so the tales ran, by the

¹ "My Life and Times," by Cyrus Hamlin, p. 309.

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art of Satan, and capable of bewitching any who should be so foolish as to partake of it. One thing was favorable. Every one was anxious to try this new bread, so curiously and fearfully made, and each one after buying a loaf hurried off with it to the grocer's to find out from his scales whether it weighed as much as was required by law.

All this had been foreseen by Hamlin and he had directed his men to make each loaf over weight. "We have only to make good bread," said he, "and about as much above the legal weight as these lying bakers make it below, and we shall see if the people will not buy it."¹ This system of generous weight was continued, and the result was just what had been foreseen. The people were pleased with the bargain, with the extra weight and the good quality, and the new bakery in two months had secured as many customers as it could supply. Flour and farina, as well as bread, were sold, and the whole enterprise proved a great financial success. At the end of one year one-half of the capital loaned by Mr. Ede was repaid together with eight per cent on its use.

As for the primary object of the enterprise, the relief of the destitute, that too was obtained. Work was furnished for all who needed it, either in the mill, the bakery, or the distribution of the bread. Those who did not wish to work had no longer any pretext for ob-

¹ "My Life and Times," by Cyrus Hamlin, p. 312.

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tainig alms, and the industrious were well cared for. The men as a whole proved to be fine workers, surprising Mr. Hamlin by their ingenuity, quickness and enterprise. They knew that the proceeds of the business after all debts were paid would be theirs, and all were eager to make it a success.

It was now decided to try the experiment of making yeast bread. All the bread made by the natives in Constantinople has a sour taste. Cyrus Hamlin's daughter, Henrietta, made the hop yeast and had charge of this bread at first, but later an American happened along who had been a baker and this part of the business was turned over to him. After a short time a German brewer was discovered who had a yeast superior to that made with the hops, and the new yeast from the beer factory was used instead, from which the bread came to be called "bira bread."

The new industry was now well started and its different branches divided among efficient workers, so that Cyrus Hamlin thought that he could soon throw off all care concerning it. But it was not to be so.

War had broken out between England and Russia, and the English troops began to arrive in Constantinople. A hospital was established and it was not long before its wards were filled with the sick and dying. Whatever the merits of the war, the condition of the soldiers in the English hospital at Scutari was such as to arouse ardent pity. At one time there were not less

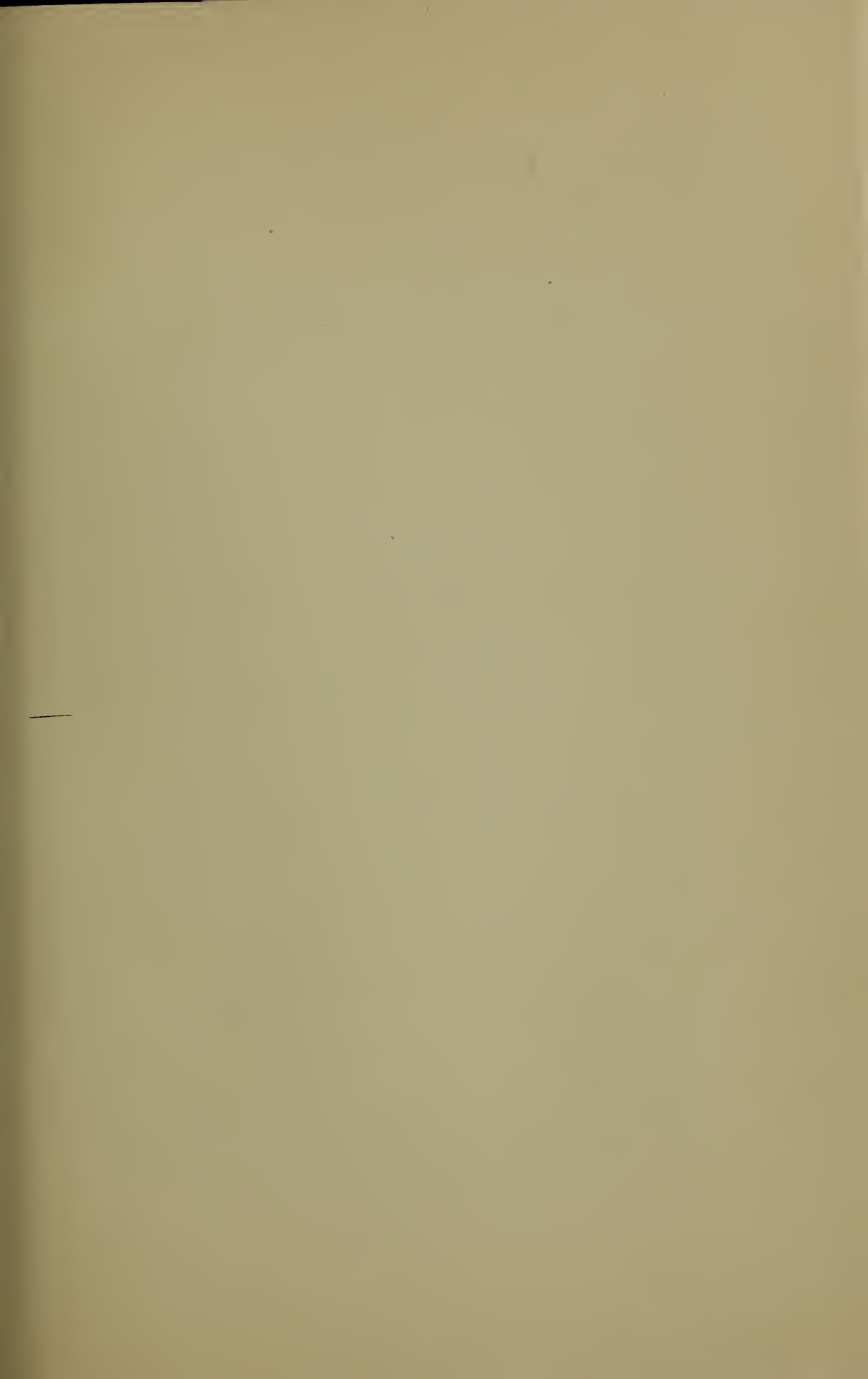
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than six thousand patients, and the nursing and medical corps were wholly inadequate to the demands upon them. Neglect and suffering were to be seen everywhere.

The most crying need was for night nurses. At ten o'clock the lights were put out and the suffering and dying patients were left to themselves until morning. The death rate was a terrible one, and the burials were made at night in order that the number might not be known. It was not long before the "bira bread" manufactured by the missionary bakeshop came to the notice of Dr. Mapleton, who had charge of organizing the hospital. He immediately sent for Mr. Hamlin, the baker, not understanding that the man of business was a Congregational missionary. After a somewhat comical interview with Dr. Mapleton owing to this misunderstanding, a contract was entered upon with Commissary General Smith, by which the hospital was to be supplied with bread from the new bakery.

One hundred and fifty-one pound loaves each day was the number required at the beginning, but this amount was increased as the war went on. The work had all been so thoroughly organized before, that this vast increase brought but little additional care to Mr. Hamlin, except the purchasing of the flour, which required great caution.

After the work had assumed these large proportions, an effort was made to induce Mr. Hamlin to pay





John Robinson's House, Leyden, Holland

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over a part of his profits as graft to the second purveyor and the doctor in charge, it being intimated by these men that it would not be well for him to refuse. Before long Mr. Hamlin realized the force of these intimations, for a conspiracy was formed against his bread, and various attempts were made to lead to its condemnation. Some of it was secretly heated until it became sour, and again counterfeit bread was put in its place. But the conspirators made blunders and the attempts at fraud were too plain to be concealed. Cyrus Hamlin threw up his contract, but was not compelled to pay the penalty for its forfeiture. After a new competition and the failure of a rival because of the increased price of flour, Mr. Hamlin undertook the work anew, this time without any trouble. The arrival of Florence Nightingale and her trained assistants about this very time transformed the hospital, and the conditions there became better in every way.

This victory for the right, however, is not the end of the story. Cyrus Hamlin was requested to supply bread also for the entire camp and navy located at Constantinople. It was an enormous task. The camp varied from six to ten thousand men, and the amount of bread required from eight to twenty thousand pounds a day.

At first it seemed to Cyrus Hamlin that it would be impossible to accomplish so much. He had only two small ovens which were already used to their ut-

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most capacity, and for such an undertaking at least two more would be required. Commissary General Smith, however, insisted that he should comply. Whatever the expense, he wished him to get ready to take the contract as soon as it was in any way possible. Mr. Hamlin was sure that at least a month would be required to build the large ovens and storage buildings necessary.

After leaving General Smith, however, it occurred to him that some great barracks formerly erected at Scutari must have had a bakery, and he went to the place on a tour of discovery. To his surprise and delight he found the old bakery itself! To be sure the building was half ruined, and the arch of one of the great ovens had fallen in, but it was still in a condition where speedy repairs were possible.

After making a reasonable contract with the proprietor, workmen were hastily secured and the work of repair begun. Within three days all was made ready for the first fire, and before seven days were up Cyrus Hamlin reported to the commissary general that his bakeshops were ready, his force organized, and he was prepared to begin supplying the bread as requested.

Let us read a little of the story in Dr. Hamlin's own words: "The first delivery of the bread was quite dramatic, or at least it was quite interesting. The camp had notice that new bread would be served at nine o'clock in the morning. A train of commissary carts having eight thousand loaves of most excellent bread

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approached the camp, and a long line of men with large, square baskets were ready to receive and distribute. The first loaves were seized, examined, smelt of, then hurled high into the air with 'Hooray for good English bread!' It gave immense satisfaction."¹

One thing about which Mr. Hamlin was very firm was the observance of the Sabbath. He had delivered a double supply of bread every Saturday for the use of the hospital, making the Sunday delivery unnecessary, and it was understood that the same arrangement was to be carried out in supplying the army camp.

The provost of the camp, however, was angered by the refusal to deliver bread on Sunday, and when Mr. Hamlin, anticipating trouble, went before the delivery teams on the first Saturday evening to the camp, he was met by a number of oaths and the threat of the provost to throw every loaf of bread off from the Marmora cliff into the sea.

Cyrus Hamlin replied, "I leave you the bread—eight thousand loaves—and you can do what you please with it," and then immediately left him without saying more.

The provost was placed in a dilemma. If the bread were destroyed, there would be none for the soldiers the following morning, for it could not now be obtained from any other source. He was obliged to accept it. On the following Saturday he again protested, but the

¹ "My Life and Times," by Cyrus Hamlin, p. 342.

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bread was left as usual and the receipts again brought back. The day before the third Saturday, the provost himself added a note to the order for bread: "Remember the double delivery Saturday."

It is a striking illustration, as Mr. Hamlin adds in telling the story, of the way difficulties will vanish, when any one is really in earnest about the observance of God's day.

The large bakeries and mills of Cyrus Hamlin were a success in every way. Besides the benefit of good food for the English, they furnished employment to the many men whom Mr. Hamlin had been so anxious to aid. At the end of the Crimean war the persecutions had nearly ceased, and there was no reason why each should not be able to support himself. It was in fact better for them to assume this responsibility, and so the industrial operations with which Mr. Hamlin had been so identified came to an end.

In order to secure the safety of these industries it had been necessary to keep something of a balance on hand and when all these operations, sometimes amounting to the value of fifty thousand dollars a month, were finally concluded, an unexpectedly large balance was found to remain. Including the cost of a little patronage and chapel at Rodosto, and a church, earthquake proof, which had been built at Brusa for twenty-seven hundred dollars, it amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars.

Dr. Hamlin writes about the disposal thus:

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"The question then arose, what should I do with it? It was plain that I ought not, as a missionary, to claim any part of it for myself. Besides, I had passed safely through years of hard service, involving an amount of night labor not often borne with impunity; that result was the price of blood, and should be consecrated. It was finally determined to make a church building fund of it, to aid the feeble nascent churches in erecting their first buildings. It paid off the onerous debt of the Brusa church which was destroyed. The other churches aided were eleven; thirteen in all. As the buildings erected secured both church and school-house, they were timely and cheering helps. I obtained permission to sell off the material remaining at the ovens, and bring my two eldest daughters to America to place them at school and to go and come by steam. All missionary voyages were then by sail. I sold everything connected with the industries, except a pair of scales which I purchased for weighing gold coins.

"The proceeds were more than the expenses of travel. When I returned to Constantinople, I had forty dollars in pocket, which I gave to a church building committee; and of all those works I have retained nothing, absolutely nothing, but memories and a pair of scales. I am firm in the conviction that under the circumstances it was all good missionary work, and no desecration of the missionary name."¹

¹ Hamlin's "Among the Turks," pp. 258, 259.

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The story of Cyrus Hamlin's life is a remarkable one. The history of his business industries in Constantinople is but one chapter, although one of the most interesting of a wonderfully varied and successful life. Near the close of his autobiography, "My Life and Times," from which most of the material for this tale is drawn, in looking back over his life, Cyrus Hamlin says: "I can see that my life has been a varied one, and that one lesson it gives is that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. My first fancy in life was to be a farmer. I became a silversmith and jeweler. My aspiration then was to become an importer, after reaching majority; I became a student. I resolved to be a missionary, and to do whatever work should be given to me to do, and to sacrifice forever all aspiration to wealth or learning. I resolved to go to Africa; I was shunted off to China first, and then most unexpectedly to Turkey and to education as my life's work. Dating from my acceptance and appointment by the American Board, I was twenty-three years, 1837-1860, connected with the Board, then thirteen years in founding, building, and fighting for Robert College, and bringing it forward to marvellous success, then four years in almost fruitless and unhappy efforts for an endowment, three years professor of theology in Bangor Seminary, five years president of Middlebury College, as hath been said."¹

¹ "My Life and Times," pp. 521, 522.

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Cyrus Hamlin never lived among the clouds. He trod the solid earth, but with feet consecrated to God's service. With entire devotion to the will of his heavenly Father, and the need of his fellow men, he placed behind him all opportunities for wealth, and died as he had lived, a poor man. The talents which might have won him a fortune and countless luxuries, he spent upon practical endeavors for the good of mankind—physical, mental and spiritual. He helped to win bread for hungry men, he aided in building and carrying on schools and colleges for their young people, and he brought the word of life to those who lived in darkness.

The things which most impress us are his versatility and his power. The failure he mentioned above, that of procuring the necessary endowment for Robert College, was largely due to circumstances beyond his control. In almost every effort of his life, whether building an engine or writing a book, whether organizing a school or superintending the washing of clothes for an army, everywhere he was a success.

He was a hero who did things, not a dreaming saint. To those who intend much but never stir slow hands to action, who see the vision but never really grasp the opportunity, he brings the message, "Awake!" There is but one step between vision and service, but without that step all is useless. Cyrus Hamlin was a man of splendid action.

XVII

A Christian Patriot

THE very essence of Shintoism is patriotism. The love of country is one of Japan's strongest virtues. It is not strange, therefore, that we should find in a Japanese hero one of the most illustrious examples of patriotism that the nineteenth century has shown. It is, however, remarkable that this Japanese, Joseph Hardy Neesima, was a Christian patriot, and the circumstances through which he was divinely led to his exalted views of Christian virtue and true national development are full of interest to any who are looking with open eyes to behold the coming of the Kingdom in these recent years. The evolution, the unfolding under the guiding providence of God, of Joseph Neesima's ideal of what he owed his country, was a wonderful process. No one but a truly great man could have struggled upward alone from the darkness to such a mountain top of vision as that on which Neesima stood. Even when he first left his native country to seek an education in Amer-

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ica, he was searching blindly for some way in which he might some time help his native land. As he said: "If I fail in my attempt altogether, it may be no least loss for my country; but if I am permitted to come home after my long exile to yet unknown lands I may render some service to my dear country."¹ As the years passed, this purpose and aim became more clear and more lofty until at last he was able to kindle a great light for the illumining of the dark places in his island home.

Joseph Neesima, or Neesima Shimeta, as his Japanese name is, was born in the palace of a prince, in the city of Tokyo, February 12, 1843. His father was the writing-master of the little court and lived within the royal enclosures, so that Neesima was from the very beginning associated with the best in Japanese life.

All the country of Japan at that time was governed by the feudal system. The mikado, the mysterious, almost divine ruler of the nation, was the nominal head of the empire, but the entire control of the government in fact lay in the shogun and the two hundred and sixty-eight military barons or daimio, each of whom ruled independently within his own little realm.

Neesima's prince was a man of remarkable foresight and wisdom, considering his limited opportunities,

¹ As quoted in "Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima," by A. S. Hardy, p. 38.

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and when in 1853 the American fleet under Commodore Perry appeared in Japanese waters, and the government, knowing itself helpless to make the slightest resistance, gave to Americans free entry into certain of its ports, he perceived clearly the need of some better military organization and method of fighting.

The country was helpless, infantile in power, before the strong nations of Europe. It was a beautiful little land, a quiet world shut away from the hurry and confusion of modern life, a world in which simplicity and neatness made even the humblest home attractive, a nation full of reverence for the aged and the high in rank, but ignorant of God and of the past with all its learning, its literature, its discoveries, its inventions, its progress—a child among the nations.

In this Japanese day-dawning, Neesima's prince looked about upon his people with foreboding at their lack of wisdom and did his best to help his own province. He was well educated in the Chinese classics and was recognized as "the finest scholar among the princes."¹ Men of learning were welcome at his court, and one scholar, Dr. Sugita, was invited there to teach Dutch. Three young men from among the prince's subjects were selected and Joseph Neesima was one of these.

By command of the prince Neesima Shimeta also began to practise riding and fencing when only eleven

¹ "Life and Letters," p. 22.

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years of age and continued in this for three years. All of the subjects of that little province, except those actually enfeebled by old age, were required to take lessons in fencing and riding, and the education of the children also was made compulsory.

At the age of twenty-two Neesima Shimeta had acquired great proficiency in the art of penmanship, of which his father was a professor, a knowledge of Chinese and Dutch, and some acquaintance with physics, astronomy and mathematics. He was a Japanese gentleman, well trained in the religion and the morality of his parents, and in the polite customs and courtesies of his prince's court. He had caught glimpses of greater truths through such books as a historical geography of the United States, and a Chinese missionary's "History of the World." His hunger for wisdom rendered him alert for every crumb of knowledge. Among the books which fell into his hands was a Chinese Bible History. This volume revealed God to Neesima Shimeta.

Many years afterward he wrote of this event: "I found out that the world we live upon was created by his unseen hand, and not by a mere chance. I discovered in the same History his other name was the 'Heavenly Father,' which created in me more reverence towards him, because I thought he was more to me than a mere creator of the world. All these books helped me to behold a being somewhat dimly yet in my mental

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eye, who was so blindly concealed from me during the first two decades of my life.

“Not being able to see any foreign missionaries then, I could not obtain any explanations on many points, and I wished at once to visit a land where the gospel is freely taught, and from whence teachers of God’s words were sent out. Having recognized God as my heavenly Father, I felt I was no longer inseparably bound to my parents. I discovered for the first time that the doctrines of Confucius on the filial relation were too narrow and fallacious. I said then, ‘I am no more my parents’, but my God’s.’ A strong cord which had held me strongly to my father’s home was broken asunder at that moment. I felt then that I must take my own course. I must serve my Heavenly Father more than my earthly parents. This new idea gave me courage to make a decision to forsake my prince, and also to leave my home and my country temporarily.”¹

This resolution was carried out. Through the invitation of a friend he left his father’s home for a voyage to Hakodate, and from there managed to escape to Shanghai, where he obtained an opportunity to work his way to the United States. The escape was a perilous one, for if caught he would have been punished by death, but all went well, and in August, 1865, just four months after leaving China, Neesima Shimeta arrived in Boston.

¹ As quoted in “Life and Letters,” pp. 30, 31.

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His overwhelming desire for an education still seemed to have little promise of fulfilment. Unable to speak the new language except in monosyllables, without money and without friends, how was a poor foreigner to obtain the leisure and means necessary for an education? But at the very outset of his life in a Christian land Neesima Shimeta found a friend, a second father, whose loving interest and help never failed him until in 1887 Alpheus Hardy passed from this life. Without this foster-father the story of Neesima's life would have been far different.

Mr. Alpheus Hardy was the owner of the ship *Wild Rover*, on which Neesima reached Boston, and he was duly informed by the captain of the strange passenger who had been brought back to America. As the young man was unable to explain in words his reasons for leaving Japan, he was sent to the Sailors' Home where he succeeded in putting into writing a brief and most remarkable statement regarding himself. Through this account Mr. Hardy was led to assume the responsibility of his schooling, and the following letter was sent by Neesima on learning of this fact:

"I am very thankful to you. You relieve me, but I can't show to you my thankfulness with my words. But I at all times bless to God for you with this prayer: O God! if thou hast eyes, look upon me. O God! if thou hast ears, hear my prayer. Let me be civilized with Bible. O Lord! thou send thy Spirit upon my Hardy,

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and let him relief me from sad condition. O Lord! please! set thy eyes upon my Hardy, and keep out him from illness and temptation.

“Your obedient servant,

“JOSEPH NEESIMA.”¹

It was decided that Neesima should enter Phillips Academy, and late in September he was taken thither by his friends, the Hardys. There he remained for two years, studying English, natural science and mathematics, with much help from kind people in the house where he lived. He made friends everywhere, and those most closely associated with him in Andover wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Hardy concerning him in terms of highest praise.

Although he had had no preparation in Latin or Greek he entered Amherst as a special student in 1867, where he remained for three years, receiving the degree of B.S. with the class of 1870. In the fall of that same year he entered Andover Seminary to complete the preparation for his life's work.

From the time when Christian truth first reached him in Japan, Joseph Neesima seems to have followed the light as it was revealed to him. It was for the sake of learning more of the truth concerning God as well as for mere secular knowledge that he braved the perils of the unknown West. One of his early Andover

¹ As quoted in “Life and Letters,” p. 12.

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friends wrote regarding him after an acquaintance of twenty-two months: "His religious progress has been remarkable. I think he was converted before he reached Andover. As soon as truth reached his mind he seemed to be all ready to embrace it."¹

He joined the church while still in Phillips Exeter, almost a year and a half after reaching America. It seemed to him but the natural thing for him to do. He loved Jesus more than anything else. He needed help in the difficult battle which he was preparing to wage in behalf of truth and righteousness. Why should he not avail himself at once and without hesitation of this means of strength and joy?

All through the story of Joseph Neesima's life we see the simple, happy character of his Christian experience. His simplicity was childlike. Although an Oriental he was genuine and sincere to his heart's core. He was a great sufferer from rheumatism and his health was at no time robust, but he always spoke even of his pain with perfect directness, neither exaggerating nor minimizing what he had undergone. In money affairs he was equally exact and simple, always giving account for that which he had received with deep gratitude, but neither groveling nor hesitant in asking for what he really needed. "No one ever saw anything mean in him: there was nothing dishonorable in his make-up.

¹ Letter from Ephraim Flint, Jr., quoted in "Life and Letters," p. 69.

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He was modest, patient, brave, and the highest reach of his ambition was to lose himself in the consecration of his life and thought to his Master.”¹

“Neesima possessed that element of true worth which meets with recognition, not because it is consciously revealed but because it is *not*. He was never obtrusive. I never knew him to speak of himself, or even of what he hoped to accomplish, unless questioned; then one discovered that his ambition was to do not only for Japan but for the world. It would not be easy for any one who knew him in college to forget him even if his life had ended there; for there was in him an uplifting influence which made one wish to be on the heights where he lived and walked. He seemed to be there and to belong there without any sign of struggle to get there or to stay there.”²

When Joseph Neesima left Japan he had the strong hope that some day he might be able to bring back to it some good from that strange, new, civilized country to which he went. Not many months passed before it became clear that this great good would come from the Christianity which he loved so ardently. As the months went by it was brought about through various events that Neesima's attention was turned more and more to the methods of education in the New World, and as he studied these more in detail he came to realize

¹ As quoted in “Life and Letters,” p. 73.

² Ibid., pp. 73, 74.

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that only through education could the higher classes in his own country be led into the new religion. The education of the West was already about to enter Japan hand in hand with its civilization. The introduction of scientific studies and the tendency toward agnosticism which learning without religion too often brings, would poison the soul life of the little island nation. Filled with learned men who lacked the restraining influence of a high moral motive, Japan would be in far worse case than it already was with its simple, childlike subjects. Japan must be saved by Christian education. To commence this great work, to help accomplish this, became the paramount aim of Joseph Neesima's life.

In 1872, when Neesima was in his second year at Andover Seminary, a most important Japanese Embassy visited the United States. It was sent out to study the various institutions of the more enlightened nations, especially those most suitable for imitation in Japan, and report concerning them. In their study of the educational institutions of the United States Neesima was asked to assist. He acted as interpreter for them, and was of very great service both because of his own quick observation and because of the knowledge and experience he had already gained. At the close of their travel in the United States he was invited to accompany them abroad and after much hesitation decided to do so. In all this time until his return to Andover Seminary, which was about a year and a half, excellent opportunities were

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afforded him for observing educational institutions of all sorts with their various aims, ideals and methods.

When he at last returned to complete his seminary course, Joseph Neesima was admirably fitted to become the apostle of Christian education in Japan.

One thing had always hampered him, lack of health. With weakened eyes and a constant tendency toward rheumatism, throughout his life, he was hindered often from accomplishing many things. Much of his time abroad was spent in the endeavor to recover his health, but during this last year at the seminary he was comparatively free from sickness and studied persistently until its close. In the spring of that year he was appointed as a missionary by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

It was at the annual meeting of this Board, held in Rutland, Vermont, that he made the unexpected appeal for a Christian university in Japan, which resulted so marvelously in the founding of the Doshisha. The need of such an institution of learning had long been in his mind, and he could not be satisfied to leave America without making such an appeal. So excited and disturbed was he by his great hope and the uncertainty of its reception by the Board that he found it impossible to make adequate preparation for his speech, and could only pray for the help of God in his undertaking. "On the following day," he writes, "when I appeared on the stage, I could hardly remember my prepared piece

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—a poor untried speaker; but after a minute I recovered myself, and my trembling knees became firm and strong; a new thought flashed into my mind, and I spoke something quite different from my prepared speech. My whole speech must have lasted less than fifteen minutes. While I was speaking I was moved with the most intense feeling over my fellow countrymen, and I shed much tears instead of speaking in their behalf. But before I closed my poor speech about five thousand dollars were subscribed on the spot to found a Christian college in Japan.”¹

The enthusiasm aroused by Neesima at this meeting was remarkable. No formal action was taken by the Board, but the entire audience were thrilled by his appeal and the response was a generous one. “Swept away by his feelings, refusing to resume his seat until his appeal was answered, declaring that he would not return to Japan without the money he asked for and that he should stand on that platform until he got it, the young Japanese carried his audience with him. Hon. Peter Parker of Washington rose and subscribed one thousand dollars; Ex-Governor Page of Vermont and Hon. William E. Dodge of New York, followed with like sums, and before Mr. Neesima had finished, his day-dream had become a reality.

“Towards the end of October, after an absence of nearly ten years, he left New York for Japan, via

¹ As quoted in “Life and Letters,” p. 172.

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San Francisco, the first ordained evangelist of his race." ¹

The life-work of Joseph Neesima was begun. The story of the successful founding and developing of the Doshisha is the story of his triumph, and fifteen years of life remained to him in Japan for achieving this success. It was not an easy struggle. A great deal of opposition was exerted by the government against the institution before it finally became friendly toward it, and the school suffered many limitations for a long time on this account.

The American Board itself was doubtful concerning this new offspring which had been thrust thus upon its care, and doubtful as to how far they were justified in helping it financially instead of spending the money for directly evangelical work.

There were misunderstandings among the teachers and missionaries themselves. As the number of native coworkers increased, Mr. Neesima was often placed in a position of difficulty between them and the American teachers. Having become so much of an American by training, he was the natural go-between, or middleman, and the direct, uncompromising methods of the American missionaries, brought into contrast with the easy diplomacy of the Japanese, often produced antagonism and misunderstanding between the two. It seemed to be Mr. Neesima's lot to stand in peculiarly close rela-

¹ "Life and Letters," p. 173.

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tions to many classes. His own fellow countrymen, the students, the native preachers, the American Board, the missionaries, and his interested friends in America all turned naturally to him as the one to settle all difficulties and the strain sometimes seemed almost more than he could bear.

It was necessary for him to be a beggar in behalf of his beloved college to the end of his life. Oh, the pity that so many great souls must needs be worn out asking for money! A college is always like a nest of hungry robins whose mouths are continually open, and the Doshisha was no exception. It became possible, however, toward the close of his life to make an appeal to the people of Japan for a university endowment, so great had been the change of attitude toward this Christian institution. This meeting was held in the great Buddhist Temple of Kyoto, and officials of the province and city, and leading bankers and merchants were present.

In 1876 Joseph Neesima was married to Yamamoto Yaye, a teacher in a government school for girls, and the sister of a counselor whom he esteemed very highly. She was, of course, a Christian, and was an efficient wife and helpful companion to him throughout his life.

In 1884 Mr. Neesima was requested by the American Board to take such a rest as might be necessary on account of his health, and yielding to the solicitations of friends, he returned to America once more. But

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nothing could effect a permanent cure, and after a long time of feebleness, guarded by wife and friends alike from every unnecessary burden, it became evident that the end could not much longer be averted. He was in a little Japanese inn in Oiso, destitute of all comforts, when death came on the twenty-third of January, 1889.

Up to the last his good cheer and determination to do all that was possible never failed him. "Though I am often disgusted with this world's affairs," he wrote not many months before his death, "I am bound to live through and push through all I can for Christ."¹

His last messages, dictated on the day before his death, are significant of his great ambition, and of his clear judgment as to the way in which it might be fulfilled.

"The object of the Doshisha," he said, "is the advancement of Christianity, Literature, and Science, and the furtherance of all education. These are to be pursued together as mutually helpful. The object of the education given by the Doshisha is not Theology, Literature, or Science, in themselves; but that through these, men of great and living power may be trained up for the service of true freedom and their country.

"The trustees should deal wisely and kindly with the students. The strong and impetuous should not be harshly dealt with, but according to their nature, so as to develop them into strong and useful men.

¹ As quoted in "Life and Letters," p. 324.

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"As the school grows larger there is danger that it will become more and more mechanical. Let this be carefully guarded against.

"Every care must be taken to unite the foreign and Japanese teachers together in love, that they may work without friction. I have many times stood between the two and have had much trouble. In the future I ask the trustees to do as I have done.

"In my whole life I have not desired to make an enemy, and I look upon no one with hatred. If, however, you find any one who feels unfriendly towards me, please ask his forgiveness. I find no fault with heaven, and bear no malice towards my fellow men. . . . My feeling for the Doshisha is expressed in this poem:

" 'When the cherry blossoms open on Mt. Yoshino,
Morning and evening I am anxious about the fleecy clouds
on its summit.' " ¹

Joseph Hardy Neesima was a true Christian, and he was also a man with a lofty and invincible purpose. Although gentle and self-effacing, he was a man of mighty power and marvelous wisdom. Every one, even those who did not agree with him, were compelled to admire and honor him. His personality bore close scrutiny well. He was best beloved by those who knew him best. He impressed people who were closely associated with him, not as a masterful man, but as one great through faith.

¹ As quoted in "Life and Letters," pp. 326, 327.

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“Some of the attributes which go to make up the brilliancy of leadership, he did not possess, but those which make examples and inspire imitation, singleness of purpose, loyalty to duty, self-abnegation, gentle conduct, and overflowing love, were his to a marked degree.”¹

He has left the impress of his wonderful character upon Japan. Without him his country might have been as scholarly, as cultivated, as worldly wise as it is to-day, but he has made it a better nation than it would have been, and the seed which he sowed has only begun as yet to bring forth its mighty harvest.

¹ “Life and Letters,” p. 346.

XVIII

Afterword

GREAT reason have we to be proud as we look back over the years of Congregationalism. Short as her life has been compared with the history of other churches, her heroes have accomplished much. Without her the Middle States would have been far different from what they are to-day; without her the United States might have been bounded on the west by the Rocky Mountains; without her thousands of Christians in foreign lands would still live in ignorance of the true God; without her New England would have been—just what we cannot tell, but vastly different from the New England which we love and of which we boast. What would our Constitution have been without Hooker? As Congregationalists we have helped to modify not only the churches but the political views of the Western world.

The great snow-storm of the winter is just passed. The wind has ceased its tumultuous blasts, and the snow

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lies heaped in great drifts on every side. The sun is shining brightly now, and is reflected back from the dazzling whiteness of the snow crust which is beginning to form over all the field. Every flake which helps to make up that beautiful snow crust shines out with all its white purity. But down beneath the snow crust, upholding it and hidden from sight, are the great masses of snowflakes, unseen, but no less pure and no less beautiful than those above.

So with our Congregational heroes. We know only a few of those whose lives in the fierce white light of fame shine pure and radiant, beautiful with heroic deeds. Only a few are called to stand in that light; the great mass of heroes, like the snowflakes beneath, are hidden in obscurity. With unseen deeds and unheralded sainthood each one lives nobly and purely, keeping himself spotless and holy, known fully to God alone.

But without these unknown multitudes the sermons which were preached would never have been practised; without their gifts the missionaries would never have been sent; without their lives the coming of the Mayflower Pilgrims would have been in vain. All the hero tales of Congregationalism can never be written, for if they were "the world itself could not contain the books that would be written."

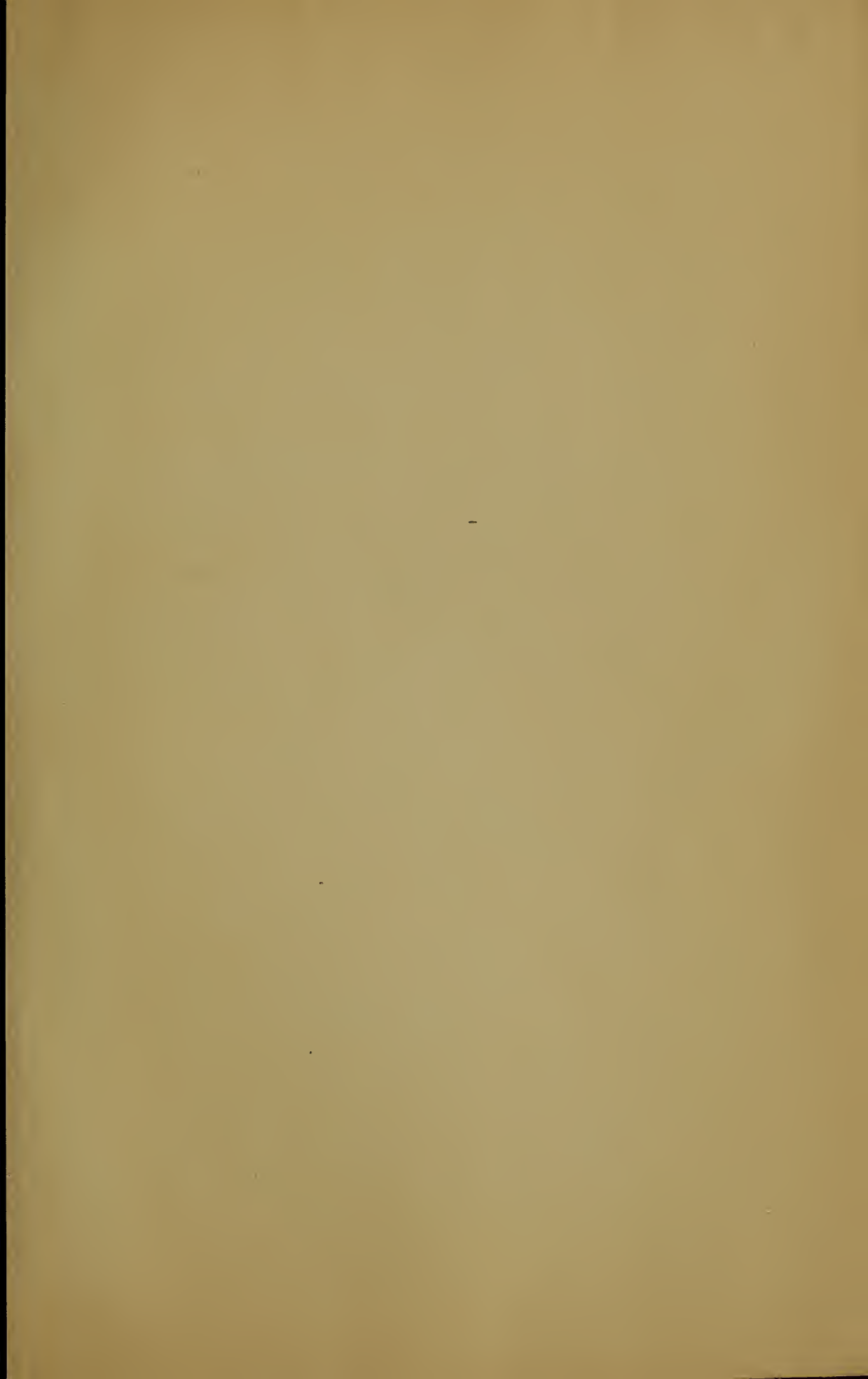
But all unknown and unwritten, still they are our heroes, the great army of saints, by whom our Church

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has been upheld, and for them, as well as for the shining ones, we would sing praises.

“ For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Alleluia! Alleluia ! ”





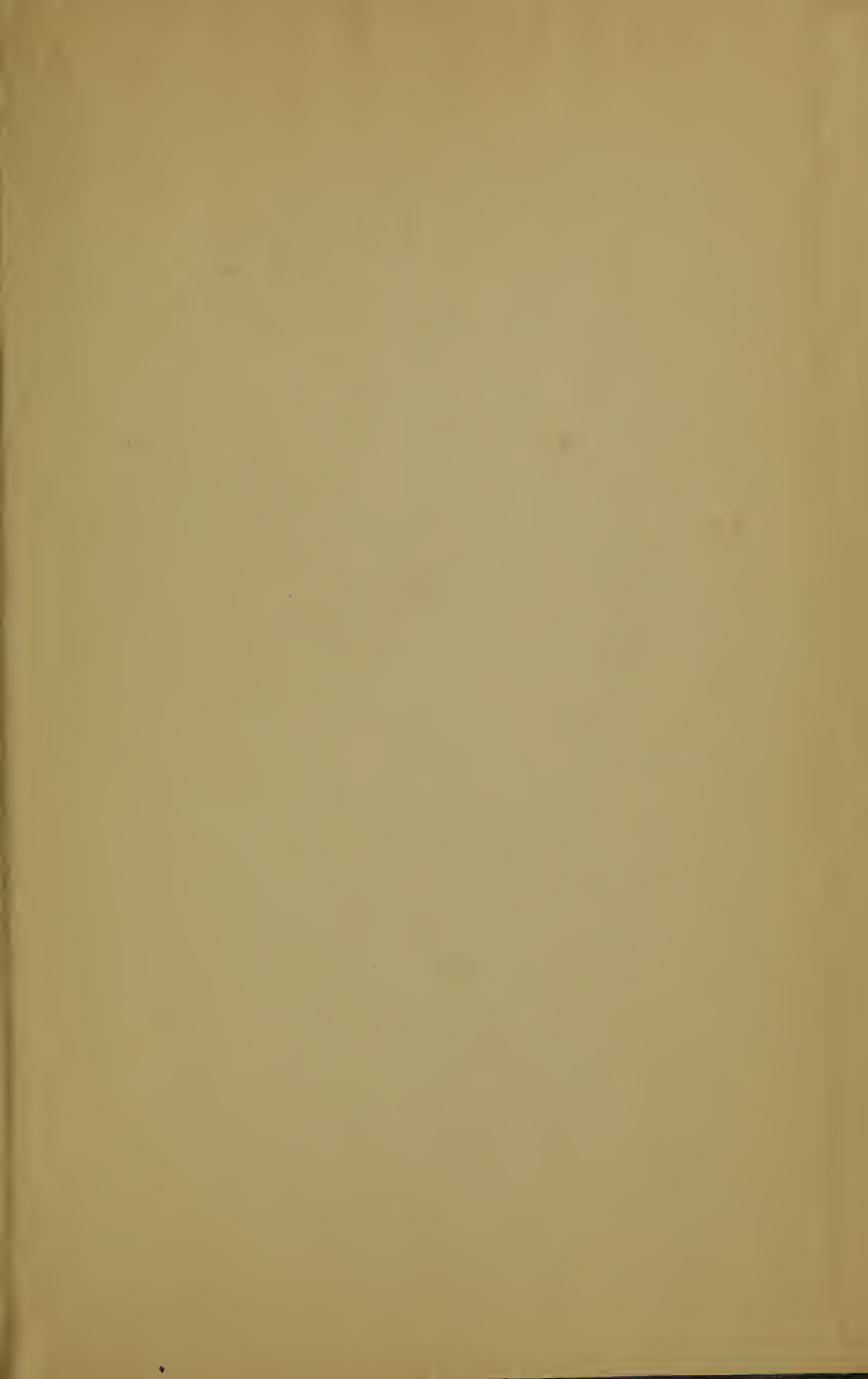
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